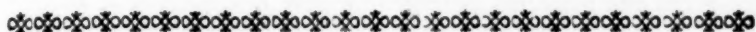




T H E

Court, City and Country Magazine,

For NOVEMBER, 1764.



A Description of Venice, with a beautiful view of the Doge's Palace.

THE prospect of this city, from the first entrance into the sea, is the most wonderful and extraordinary in the whole world, for the situation is such, that at that distance, which is full five miles from the nearest land, it appears to the eye, as if floating on the waves: as soon as we reached there we quitted the burcello and took a gondola, which is a small boat, but the breadth not proportionable to the length; in the middle is a small room made with slight wood, and covered with black cloth or serge; the entrance is by a little door, and withinside are seats all round, and sliding windows; the common hackney gondolas have but one man, but they don't sit down to row as our watermen do, but stand at one end, and so row, or rather paddle, and it is surprising to see how quick these gondoliers or watermen will go, and turn the corner of a street with the greatest dexterity, and meeting other boats will pass within half an inch, and seldom or never any accidents are heard of by their clashing together, though even in the darkest night.

This so astonishingly situated city, is built on seventy-two little rocks or islands, joined together by a great number of bridges, the channels which run between the islands are very commodious, for the boats and gondolas to pass to all parts of the city; I have been told, there are near fifteen thousand gondolas, or

K k

small

small boats, continually plying here, for it must be imagined according to the situation, that there is neither coach, cart or horses to be met with, besides, it is a place of great trade, and therefore no wonder that so many are employed; this city is reckoned to be upwards of eight miles in circumference, and fortified only by the very situation, which is in the middle of several flats and shallows; as a means to avoid which, several posts or poles are placed on each side, as a direction for the boats to pass; these flats and shallows render the place the most impregnable of any in Europe, or perhaps the whole world; for on that side towards the Adriatic sea, the entrance to a stranger would be impossible, if the Venetians were to pull up their posts or marks; which without doubt they would on the approach of any invader.

Notwithstanding the odd foundation of this city, which is built upon piles, the houses and palaces are majestic, and the churches and convents as numerous and magnificent as any in Italy, especially those on the sides of the great canal; the interiors are not indeed furnished in so rich and grand a manner, as some in other parts of Italy, but the generality of them are very neat, and the ordinary hangings of their rooms are of gilt leather, finished in the highest perfection; and on any particular occasion, or some grand visit, these leather hangings are all covered with velvet, damask or tissue; the floors of the apartments are made of red plaister, which being rubbed over with oil, receives thereby a fine polish, and appears exactly like red marble, but at the same time so slippery, that it is dangerous, without great care, to walk on them.

In a great many of the streets are little narrow passages by the sides of the houses for persons to walk on, and at proper distances bridges to cross from one street to another, and consist of only one arch, large enough for the gondolas to pass under; these bridges have neither rails nor fence on any side, and you ascend and descend by a few steps; it is a happy circumstance, that the Venetians are a sober people, otherwise it would be dangerous for a person intoxicated with liquor to pass over them, for being mostly of marble, they are very slippery, especially in wet weather; it is said, there are no less than fifteen hundred of these bridges, but the most famous of them all is the Rialto, consisting of one grand arch, and esteemed the finest of the kind in the universe; it crosses the grand canal, and is entirely built of white marble, and is remarkable for the extraordinary breadth and height of the arch; on each side upon the bridge is a row of shops covered with lead, at a great many of which are sold looking-glasses, a commodity this place
is

is famous for ; on the sides between the rails of the bridge, and the back of the shops, are steps and a broad way to pass, so that in fact, on this bridge of one single arch, there may be said to be three different passages to go over by

Having walked over the bridge, I came to St. Mark's place or square, acknowledged by all who visit it to be the principal ornament of Venice ; it is very large and spacious, and on each side are what they call the procuraties, or inns of court, inhabited by the lawyers, and underneath are piazzas supported by marble pillars, where are coffee-houses and taverns ; at one end stands St. Mark's church, adjoining to which is another square, but not so large as the former ; on one side is the palace of the doge, and on the other, the new procuraties, this is called Piazzetta, or lesser square ; here is a place called the Broglio, where no person presumes to walk at a certain time but the noblemen, who are distinguished by their dress, which resembles that of our English counsellors, but with this difference, that instead of a tie they wear a full bottom'd wig ; at the end of this square, which the sea comes up to, stand two pillars of speckled marble, on one is the image of St. Mark's lion, and on the other that of St. Theodore ; it is said these pillars were brought from Constantinople, and erected by the famous architect Berraterius, who desired no other recompence for his trouble and expences, than that any person who had an inclination, might have free permission to play at cards, or make use of any other game whatever, between these two pillars, all gaming at that time being prohibited at Venice ; the senate thinking this a very reasonable demand, readily granted it, and all the cheats, sharpers, and rascality of the people have ever since laid claim to this privilege as what they have an undoubted right to, numbers of them are almost perpetually playing here, and the ground between the pillars is covered with pieces of cards, and to add still a greater infamy to it, the common executions of the criminals are performed in this very place ; the Venetians are reckoned a wise and politic people, and I think here they give evident demonstration of it, for what is this but plainly hinting, that gaming naturally and necessarily brings a man to the gallows.

The next thing remarkable that presents itself to the view is the doge's palace, which is contiguous to the church of St. Mark ; as soon as you have passed the outward court, you ascend a stair-case leading to an open gallery, from which you enter several chambers, where divers gentlemen and clerks sit writing, that it appears more like a custom-house than a palace ; but ascending another story you come to the audience

room; the grandeur of this compensates for the meanness of the other apartments, the antichambers, senate-house, &c. This palace is prodigiously large, and most beautifully painted; the last is full of seats, and will contain upwards of two hundred persons; upon particular occasions of state all the noble Venetians assemble here; the doge's throne is very magnificent, and over it is a noble piece of painting, which covers all that end of the room, and represents the celestial Paradise, said to be done by Tintoret; on one side of this grand senate-room are several large pictures, representing the history of pope Alexander III. and the emperor Frederick Barbarossa; the other private apartments are very stately and richly furnished: here are kept great quantities of muskets always charged, and several other sorts of arms placed about the room in several ingenious figures and devices, but more for shew than service; the charged muskets are for the use of the council, in case of any insurrection from the populace; it would be highly diverting to see these gentlemen in their long gowns, and full bottomed perukes, forming themselves into a regiment, most of whom perhaps never fired a gun in their lives; in this place are the curious statues of Adam and Eve, done in wood by the famous Albert Durer, said to be carved with only a pen-knife during the time he was in confinement, and on performing so masterly a piece of workmanship he obtained his liberty; here are preserved a sword of Scanderberg, an helmet of Attila, and the armour of Henry IV. of France, beautifully inlaid with gold; likewise the bust of one Carrara, of Padua, with several little arrows lying by it, with which he used to kill people in the piazzas or allies at that city, but was at length justly strangled for his barbarity; here are many other curious particulars.

I shall now describe the ceremony of the doge's marrying the Adriatic sea. On Ascension-day all the senators, dressed in their robes, assemble together early in the morning in a large apartment at the doge's palace, where the musicians attend with all kinds of music, kettle-drums, trumpets, &c. About ten o'clock his serene highness comes from his palace, preceded by the music, and others carrying banners waving with the wind; on one side of him is the pope's nuncio, and on the other the bishop or patriarch of Venice, the senators, ambassadors of foreign princes, and great numbers of the nobility in their black robes follow, the music playing all the way before them, and walk in procession to the sea side, where the magnificent bucentoro is waiting; this is esteemed the richest vessel in the whole world; it is most curiously adorned with
the

the finest sculpture, gilding, and painting, all the seats are gilt, and will contain upwards of four hundred people; at the head or poop is a very rich chair of state, wherein sits the doge, the nuncio, and patriarch, on either side of him, and on the gilt benches all the senators and noblemen, proper places are assigned for the musicians; there is a kind of a little bridge made for this purpose, reaching from the shore to the bucentoro, over which they all walk in the same procession after the doge, two and two, something like the representation which is usually given of the beasts entering Noah's Ark; being all got in and placed on their seats, a signal is made by a whistle for the slaves to begin to row; here are forty of them, twenty on each side, seated under hatches, while a person on deck guides the stern; the signal thus given, they all begin to row, the music playing, and so the vessel moves off in a majestic manner, attended with the gondolas of the ambassadors, which on this occasion are finely adorned and gilt, several other large vessels, called piottas, and four large gallies, with their ensigns or banners displayed, which made a grand appearance; these gallies kept firing, as likewise the men of war, and all the merchant ships that lay at anchor thereabouts; in this manner they proceeded about two miles up the Laguna, when the doge being arrived at a certain place, they all stop, he then arises from his chair of state, and goes to the side of the vessel and flings a gold ring into the sea, repeating these words in Latin, Desponsamus, te, Mare, in signum perpetui domini; that is, We espouse thee, O Sea, as a token of our perpetual dominion over thee; then all the musick and firing begin again; in coming back they stopped at a small island, on which they landed and went to a church, where high mass was celebrated; after which they returned in the same manner they set out.

To the A U T H O R.

S I R,

Case of a London Tradesman.

I AM a tradesman near fifty, who have had very considerable dealings, and, according to the common expression, "have seen a great deal of the world." From being so long concerned in trade, without having met with any very considerable losses, it might be imagined that I am in very good circumstances; but, alas, it is the very reverse: about three weeks ago I became a bankrupt, nor shall I be able to pay my creditors above five shillings in the pound. Since my affairs

have

have been in this fatal extremity, I have made a strict scrutiny into my conduct, and must impartially confess, my present misfortunes are, in every particular, occasioned by my own follies and indiscretion; therefore, though I have termed them misfortunes, I look upon them only as the certain consequential punishments of mismanagement in myself.

It would be needless, Sir, to give you the history of all my misconduct; let it be sufficient to say, that the too fashionable luxury of the age carried me imperceptibly into too expensive a way of life. Gaiety introduced a neglect of business; a decay of business brought on a wilful neglect to balance my books; and from that, in a mad kind of folly and despair, I plunged on in my old way, knowing that I must soon become a bankrupt, yet, by every shift and artifice, driving the evil day as far off as possible.

This conduct must, to any thinking man, seem to be the proceeding of a madman; it was so: but as mad as my conduct was, I am too sensible there are very large numbers of tradesmen in this city who are ruined by the same frenzy. Without doubt, there are unavoidable misfortunes in trade, and in private family affairs, which no human care or foresight can prevent, and the most industrious trader, and most prudent man, may become bankrupts: but I am afraid that the major part of the names which we see in the Gazettes, of men who have failed in the world, are not inserted there from the unavoidable misfortunes of life, but from their own imprudence and misconduct.

What I would inculcate from this representation of my own case is, that what is called Fortune is not in reality so great an enemy to mankind as they are to themselves; and the generality of those people who, compassionating themselves, cry, they have been unfortunate, should with more sincerity say, as I do, they have been fools.

TOM TRUECASE.

The representation which this correspondent has given of himself is no uncommon character in the world, and the inference he draws from it agrees with an old maxim, "*Nemo læditur nisi a seipso.*" No one is hurt but by himself.—For had mankind the true reins of their passions and affections, most of the accidents of life might exercise their patience without entailing insuperable difficulties. That we are too commonly the authors of our own ill, the success of our conduct will demonstrate; for conscience is always just, and will not upbraid us wrongfully. I would therefore recommend, that every person would frequently make an impartial examination of himself, which would prevent a too fatal self-condemnation.

Anecdote

Anecdote of the Prince of Conti.

THE prince of Conti being highly pleased with the intrepid behaviour of a grenadier at the siege of Philipburgh, in 1734, threw him his purse, excusing the smallness of the sum it contained, as being too poor a reward for his courage. Next morning the grenadier went to the prince with a couple of diamond rings, and other jewels of considerable value. "Sir (said he) the gold I found in your purse I suppose you intended me; but these I bring back to you, as having no claim to them." "You have, soldier (answered the prince) doubly deserved them, by your bravery, and by your honesty; therefore they are yours."

*Account of ALMENA, the new Serious English Opera,
as it is performed at Drury-Lane Theatre.*

C H A R A C T E R S.

Mohammed,	Mr. Vernon,
Abudah,	Mr. Champness,
Mirza,	Signior Guistinelle,
Selima,	Miss Williams,
Zara,	Mrs. Vincent,
Aspatia,	Signiora Cremonini, and
Almena,	Miss Wright.

THE sultan Husein, emperor of Persia, having been deposed and murdered, and all his children but Almena, who miraculously escaped, been put to death by Mohammed, the chief of the Afghans, the tyrant, in order to secure his usurpation, and to gratify an ardent passion which he entertains for Aspatia, contrives, by every method he can devise, to win or terrify that lady to his arms, but to no purpose; her regard for her virtue and her family, would not permit her to look with any thing but horror on a villain who had barbarously murdered her husband and rioted in her children's blood. The only remaining comfort she had was Almena, a very young lady, beloved by Mirza, her husband's nephew, a most courageous prince, who was happy enough to hold a reciprocal share in Almena's affection, and was now considered as the only hope of the people. This hope, however, was of no long duration; for Mirza, who headed a body of troops against Mohammed, having been routed and taken prisoner, is, by order of that tyrant, thrown into prison, to linger out a hateful life in misery and chains.

Providence,

Providence, however, disappointed Mohammed's intention in this respect; for his sister Zara having seen that gallant young prince, was sensibly struck with his magnanimity and misfortunes, and contrived that very night, by bribing his guards, to get him out of prison, in hope of working upon his gratitude, and winning him to her love.—Mirza, contrary to her expectations, was no sooner at liberty than he repaired to his followers, who were now considerably reinforced, and prepared to have another cast for the throne of his family, and the freedom of his Almena. This disappointment rendered Zara almost frantic, who, determined to have an ample revenge on her hated rival, took an opportunity, when her brother was complaining of Aspatia's cruelty, to persuade him that, by putting out Almena's eyes he would undoubtedly terrify the empress to a compliance with his wishes. Mohammed gave into the design and dispatched his grand vizier, Abudah, to see his orders instantly executed on that unfortunate princess.

This Abudah was a Persian nobleman, formerly banished for entertaining some presumptuous sentiments for the empress Aspatia; and tho' he now seemed wholly devoted to the service of her deadliest enemy, still cherished both her and her cause in his heart; therefore, instead of executing his inhuman commission, he desired Almena to disguise herself, as if he really had, and by that means deceived the merciless tyrant, his master.—This scarcely done, when Selima, Almena's attendant, comes in, with news that Mirza has defeated Mohammed's forces, and even taken the tyrant himself among the number of the prisoners.—Every thing now wears a face of transport, Mirza comes in triumph and rescues Almena, while Aspatia's hand is given as a reward to the services of Abudah.—Such is the story of this opera.

With regard to the moral, 'tis to discountenance vice, and encourage virtue, by shewing us that the first is always productive of the most unhappy consequences, while the latter, however depressed, is the particular attention of heaven, and sooner or later will triumph over all its enemies.

With regard to the representation, we never remember to have seen any performance go off with a greater, nor indeed a more deserved degree of reputation. Mr. Rolt's character is sufficiently known, as a writer, so there is no necessity of saying any thing about the literary merit of the piece;—and as for the musical, if Mr. Arne and Mr. Battishal keep to this first sample, there is no doubt but their manufactures will be in the highest estimation with the public.

As to the performers, there is no possibility of saying too much in their favour; Mr. Vernon's exquisite acting and wonderful execution kept the house in a phrenzy of applause:—perhaps no singer ever existed with half his abilities as an actor; Mr. Champness, Mr. Guistinelle and Miss Wright also received the loudest marks of approbation; nor were the other performers without their merit in many particulars. Upon the whole, as long as the town is weak enough to admire the opera with so much infatuation, Almena must be reckoned among the most favourite of its entertainments.

The Character of Mr. Belville.

THE character of a man of honour, as received in the Beau Monde, (where the laws of fashion and custom prevail over those of justice and morality) is something so very singular, that it deserves a singular examination.

A man of honour is one who peremptorily affirms himself to be so, and will cut any body's throat that questions it, though upon the best grounds. He is infinitely above the restraints which the laws of God or man lay upon vulgar minds, and knows no other ties but those of honour; of which word he is to be the sole expounder. He must strictly adhere to a party denomination, though he may be utterly regardless of its principles. His expence should exceed his income considerably, not for the necessaries, but for the superfluities of life, that the debts he contracts may do him honour. There should be a haughtiness and insolence in his deportment, which is supposed to result from conscious honour. If he be cholerick, and wrong-headed into the bargain, with a good deal of animal courage, he acquires the glorious character of a man of nice and jealous honour. And if all these qualifications are duly seasoned with the genteelest vices, the man of honour is complete.

Belville is allowed to be a man of the most consummate honour, that this, or any age ever produced. The men are proud of his acquaintance, and the women of his protection; his party glories in being countenanced by him, and his honour is frequently quoted as a sanction for their conduct. But some original letters will let us more intimately into particulars.

He having run out a considerable fortune by a life of pleasure, and being delicately scrupulous in points of honour, he wrote the following letter to his attorney, after an ill run at play.

L 1

SIR,

SIR,

I Had a damned tumble last night at hazard, and must raise a thousand within a week; get it upon any terms, for I would rather suffer the greatest incumbrance upon my fortune, than the least blemish upon my honour. As for those clamorous rascals the tradesmen, insist upon my privilege, and keep them off as long as possible; we may chance to ruin some of them before they can bring us to trial.

Yours, &c.

BELVILLE.

From the same principle of honour, resolved, at all events, to secure that sum collaterally, he wrote the following letter to the first minister.

S I R,

I WAS applied to yesterday in your name by * * * to vote for the great point which is to come into our house to-morrow; but as it was extremely contrary to my opinion and principles, I gave him no explicit answer, but took some time to consider of it. I have therefore the honour now to acquaint you, that I am determined to give my concurrence to this affair; but must desire at the same time, that you will immediately send * * * to me, with the fifteen hundred pounds he offered me yesterday, and for which I have a pressing occasion this morning. I am persuaded you know me too well to scruple this payment before-hand, and that you will not be the first person that ever questioned the honour of

Your most faithful humble servant.

BELVILLE.

Another, to a lady, who appears to be the wife of his most intimate friend.

My Dear,

I HAVE just now received yours, and am very sorry for the uneasiness your husband's behaviour has given you of late; though I cannot be of your opinion, that he suspects our connection. We have been bred up together from children, and have lived together in the strictest friendship ever since; so that I dare say he would as soon suspect me of a design to murder, as wrong him this way. And you know it is to that confidence and security of his, that I owe the happiness I enjoy. However, in all events, be convinced that you are in the hands of a man of honour, who will not suffer you to be ill used; and should my friend proceed to any disagreeable extremities

extremities with you, depend upon't I'll cut the cuckold's throat.

Yours, most tenderly,

BELVILLE.

This last is to a friend of his own principles.

Dear Charles,

PRITHEE come to me immediately, to serve me in an affair of honour. You must know, I told a damn'd lye last night in a mixed company, and a formal old dog, in a manner, insinuated that I did so; upon which I whispered him to be in Hyde Park this morning, and to bring a friend with him, if he had such a thing in the world. The booby was hardly worth my resentment; but you know my delicacy where honour is concerned.

Yours,

BELVILLE.

It appears from these authentick pieces, that Mr. Belville, filled with the noblest sentiments of honour, paid all debts but his just ones; kept his word scrupulously in the flagitious sale of his conscience to a minister; was ready to protect, at the expence of his friend's life, his friend's wife, whom, by the opportunities that friendship had given him, he had corrupted; and to punish truth with death, when it intimated, however justly, the want of it in himself.

This person of refined honour, conscious of his own merit and virtue, is a most unmerciful censor of the lesser vices and failings of others; and lavishly bestows the epithets of scoundrel and rascal upon all those, who, in a subordinate rank of life, seem to aspire to any genteel degree of immorality. An awkward country gentleman, who sells his silent vote cheap, is with him a sad dog. The industrious tradesmen are a pack of cheating rascals, who should not be suffered to impose upon people of condition; and servants are a parcel of idle scoundrels, that ought to be used ill, and not paid their wages, in order to check their insolence.

It is not to be imagined how pernicious the example of such a creature is to society; he not only immediately corrupts his own circle of acquaintance, but the contagion spreads itself to infinity.

To such practices, and such examples in higher life, may justly be imputed the general corruption and immorality which prevail through this kingdom.

Of AMBITION in its several Kinds and Degrees of Life.

AMBITION, or a desire of excellency and rising above others, is natural to all who would be esteemed above others, and therefore in proportion to that desire is the ambition of him that has it. When this longing after pre-eminence actuates men employed in conducting affairs of state or commanding armies, it may properly be distinguished to be of the tragical kind; but when the objects of ambition and pride are only the common views of private life, they become farcical, and instead of raising anxiety are diverting. If it should be the ambition of a young gentleman or young lady to commence a finished petit paitre or modern belle, dress finery, balls, operas, with a long etcætera, are their only studies, while good sense and understanding are totally neglected and undervalued: hence there is scarce a beau but is a blockhead, or a belle who has common sense.

Men, who live abstracted from what is called the gaiety of life, may smile at the ridiculous ambition of those characters; they deserve contempt; yet, is the beau a stranger creature to the judicious part of mankind, than a man merely addicted to speculation? Both are equally ignorant of the just rules of life; and the ambition of him who would be a wise man by speculation, is equally ridiculous to him who would affect to know the world by making a foolish figure in it.

I imagine the most extravagant fancies and actions, if traced to their source, would be found to take their rise from some extravagant ambition. Is there any other cause why Mr. Booze, the deputy of a certain ward in this metropolis, will drink bumpers to certain political healths, till he can neither stand, go, nor speak? No; he is resolved to excel another deputy of an adjacent ward in testimony of his principles, by the greater number of half-pint bumpers. His adversary has a soul which equally thirsts after praise and Red Port; thus, through the patriot and courtly ambition of those worthy gentlemen, they are in a fair way of killing one another.

I was once an eye-witness to an odd kind of ambition: Two young gentlemen of Oxford were both enamoured with the reigning toast of that place: on some dispute, in regard to their affections, the one put a large spoonful of Soot into his glass, then filled a bumper, toasted his mistress's health, and drank it with an air which betrayed a consciousness of his victory; the other, with a philosophical calmness, smiled at such a vain experiment, and stepped to his closet for a phial of ink,
filled

filled a brimmer with it, and tossed it off with *Io Triumph* and Miss Molly * * *. Whose ambition rose to the greatest height was not determined by the company, and, like two great generals after a drawn battle, both claimed the victory. —I must add, that Miss Molly, on this occasion, looked on them as equally fools, and would have neither of them.

But of all kinds of pride, the greatest is that which affects to consist in humility; and as the greatest art is to conceal art, so in some the greatest pride is the contempt of pride. I have often observed more haughtiness and insolent carriage in a plain quaker-like coat and shining beaver, than in an embroidered suit, and a hat with a cockade in it. Much self-sufficiency is seen in an artful simplicity of garb; and I have known an old miser as proud of having a pair of tape shoe-strings, as my lord Vainairs of his diamond shoe-buckles.

The Humorous Cbler.

CHARLES V. in his intervals of relaxation, used to retire to Brussels. He was a prince curious to know the sentiments of his meanest subjects concerning himself, and his administration; therefore often went out incog. and mixed himself in such companies and conversation as he thought proper. One night his boot requiring immediate mending, he was directed to a cbler: unluckily it happened to be St. Crispin's holiday; and instead of finding the cbler inclined for work, he was in the height of his jollity among his acquaintance: the emperor acquainted him with what he wanted, and offered him a handsome gratuity. —“What, friend, says the fellow, do you know no better than to ask any of our craft to work on St. Crispin? —Was it Charles the Vth himself, I'd not do a stitch for him now. —But if you'll come in, and drink St. Crispin, do and welcome; we are as merry as the emperor can be.” —The sovereign accepted his offer; but while he was contemplating on their rude pleasure, instead of joining in it, the jovial host thus accosts him. —“What, I suppose you are some courtier politician or other by that contemplative phiz —Nay, by your long nose, you may be a bastard of the emperor's: —But be who or what you will, you're heartily welcome —Drink about; here's Charles the Fifth's health.” Then you love Charles the Fifth, replied the emperor —“Love him? says the son of Crispin —Ay, ay, I love his long noseship well enough; but I should love him much more, would he but tax us a little less: but, what the devil

devil have we to do with politicks — Round with the glass, and merry be our hearts.”—After a short stay, the emperor took his leave, and thanked the cobbler for his hospitable reception.—“That, cried he, you’re welcome to; but I would not to-day have dishonoured St. Crispin to have worked for the emperor.”—Charles, pleased with the honest good nature and humour of the fellow, sent for him next morning to court. You must imagine his surprise, to see and hear his late guest was his sovereign; he feared his joke on his long nose must be punished with death.—The emperor thanked him for his hospitality, and, as a reward for it, bid him ask for what he most desired, and take the whole night to settle his surprise and his ambition.—Next day he appeared, and requested, That for the future the cobblers of Flanders might bear for their arms, a boot with the emperor’s crown upon it.—That request was granted, and as his ambition was so moderate, the emperor bid him make another.—“If, says he, I am to have my utmost wishes, command that for the future the company of cobblers shall take place of the company of shoe-maker’s.”—It was accordingly so ordained, and to this day there is to be seen a chapel in Flanders, adorned round with a boot and imperial crown on it, and in all processions the company of cobblers takes place of the company of shoe-makers.

IT is with pleasure that I publish the following letter; for it not only does an honour to the fair sex, but gives an instructive lesson to the gay and youthful part of them. As a high sense of virtue and honour is a woman’s greatest ornament and safeguard, it cannot be too often inculcated; nor would I have any young lady so presumptive to think any inligations to chastity unnecessary for her conduct, there being too many fatal examples of what prevailing power the arts and treachery of one sex have over the frailty of the other.

The AUTHOR.

S I R,

IAM the youngest daughter of a gentleman, who having more gaiety in his temper than œconomy, ran out the greatest part of his fortune, and dying when I was about twelve years old, left me and two sisters very slenderly provided for: but though my mother did not flatter herself that we should make that figure in life which she otherwise might have thought equal to her birth, yet she did not omit the least care to have our education as accomplished, as if we had very large fortunes to depend upon. But in nothing more was

was her tenderness and anxiety shewn, than in giving our minds the strongest impressions of religion and virtue: the manner of her laying before our eyes the effects of our least deviation from honour, were, besides being just, very moving. Her talk never failed to touch our hearts, nor did she move our passions only; her own would rise at the discourse, and tears start affectingly from her.——How often has she looked earnestly on us, and then with a sigh broke out——“My dear, dear girls, I wish it had pleased Heaven you had not been of a sex, which is exposed to so many dangers and difficulties before you can be settled in the world; you will have more personal accomplishments than temptations of fortune: but remember, that though beauty may have many admirers, few of them may be men of real honour: carefully shun what the world calls innocent gallantry; there are unforeseen dangers in it, which young people had better avoid than run the temptation of; and depend on it, you will always find that to be virtuous is to be happy”——When confirmed in these sentiments, I was recommended to a lady of distinction, as a companion for her daughter, who was much about my own age. She being acquainted with my relations approved of me, nor was it long before the young lady did me the honour to grant me a large share in her friendship. Suppose me to have lived about a year in this scene of life, and to have attained some degree of knowledge, and elegant accomplishments, as well as additional improvements in my person, when the young gentleman, who was the only son of this family, returned home from his travels. In short, it was about six months ago that Belmond (for so I shall call the young lady's brother) came to England from the tour of Italy: he had not made the tour merely to say he had travelled, but to shew what improvements a rational mind may receive from travel: he had been educated in an English university, and might give foreigners a better idea of English gentlemen than they commonly conceive.——You see I am willing to give him an amiable character, but my partiality shall not carry me beyond the bounds of truth; what more I shall say of him, I chuse should rather be in some of Shakespear's most antique words, than my own.

Shakespear's lover's complaint, printed at the end of his Sonnets.

Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind;
For on his visage was in little drawn,
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sown.

His

His qualities were beauteous as his form,
 For maiden-tongu'd he was, and therefore free;
 Yet, if men mov'd him was he such a storm,
 As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
 When winds breath sweet, unruly tho' they be;
 His rudeness so with his authoriz'd youth
 Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.
 So on the tip of his subduing tongue
 All kinds of arguments, and question deep,
 All replication prompt, and reason strong,
 For his advantage still did wake and sleep,
 To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weep;
 He had the dialect, and different skill,
 Catching all passions in his craft of will.

Such was Belmond, when suddenly after his arrival he took an opportunity to make his addressee to me: I took them only for a modish gallantry, and paid no regard to them; but his importunity and manner of speech soon convinced me he had further views than I at first imagined. Be it sufficient that I say his designs were far from being honourable, nor could I, considering my state and fortune, expect they should be so. I studiously avoided all opportunities of private conversation, which he as industriously either found or made. On this I expostulated with him in the most earnest manner, which he endeavoured to put off with a genteel kind of railery; and if I argued, he laughed: frequency of conversation gave a greater boldness to his expressions as well as mind, and at length he fairly offered in his phrase to take care of me, and settle three hundred a year on me for life.—I rejected his proposal with such indignation and scorn for his treatment, that he became sensible this method would never prove effectual.—In a few days after he found me alone in his sister's chamber, and began to be rude and boisterous, but on my running to the window and screaming out, he left the room. It was now I thought it too dangerous to trust myself to his importunities, and was resolved to leave the family; I acquainted the young lady of my resolution, and was forced by her and her mother's entreaties to tell the cause: the old lady desired me to remain a little time longer, and she would take such measures as should prevent my future disquietude: I stayed with some anxiety, and the next day I could not help observing that Belmond frequently looked on me in a steadfast manner, which seemed to speak concern. I attributed it to some compunction of mind, on having his base intentions

intentions discovered to his mother, who had taken an extraordinary fondness for me. After dinner Bellamond, his mother, and my young lady retired together, and I went to my own apartment. As I was sitting there, lost in a melancholly meditation, Belmond entered, and approaching with much respect, desired me not to be confused: he said he came by his mother's orders to make reparation for the injury he had offered, which was, if I thought proper, to accept me with honour.—I was in such a confusion, that at the first I could give no answer; but recovering a little, desired him, though he made me the subject of his gallantry, not to make me that of his jests.—He vowed he was in earnest, and stepping out of the room, introduced the ladies as witnesses of his sincerity. His mother immediately bid me look on her as my mother, for as her son really loved me, all other objections in regard to her entirely ceased.

Farther description of my behaviour would be tedious; I could not give a denial to such a proposal, and Belmond had in reality engaged my heart, and my sense of virtuous honour was his only obstacle in his amour; but though that amour has ended in marriage, it was what I could never have flattered myself with: I shall with gratitude endeavour to make his life a continual scene of felicity and content, having in an uncommon manner experienced, that to be virtuous is to be happy.

HONORIA.

I shall make only the following comment on this letter from Milton's *Comus*.

Some say no evil thing that walks by night
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blue-meagre hag, or stubborn, unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at Curfew time;
No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine
Hath hurtful power o'er virginity.—
So dear to Heav'n is faintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand livery'd angels lacquey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream and solemn vision
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft' converse with heav'nly inhabitants,
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal.—

M m

Essay

Essay on Honesty.

I WAS a little surprized at hearing a gentleman, whom I happened to be in company with not long ago, assert, that in the whole circle of his acquaintance (which is none of the smallest, and consists chiefly of men in great business) he could not pick out ten honest men. However, a little reflection soon convinced me of the truth of this assertion, and led me to consider the nature of a thing so much talked of, and so little practised.

In order to set this virtue in a clear light, it will be necessary for me to divide it into the true and the false.

I apprehend that true honesty signifies a constant and regular inclination to render to every man his due, and that consequently whoever is void of this inclination, is unworthy the appellation of an honest man. It does not only consist of a mechanical course of dealing, a literal conformity to the laws and customs of our country, but it excludes every species of fraud and oppression, however safe and profitable.

The other kind of honesty, which I have distinguished by the epithet of false, is in some respects like the former; with this difference, that the one is the result of a conscientious principle, and the other of necessity or policy. A tradesman may sell good commodities, use lawful weights, and pay his debts; but perhaps it is not out of a principle of conscience, but to avoid the scandal and trouble of doing otherwise. There are many circumstances of fraud to which the laws have annexed no punishment, on account of the impossibility of discovering the real sentiments of mankind, and the principles upon which they act; but these, in the eye of an honest man, are as criminal as those which the laws extend to.

I find this virtue no where so finely illustrated as in the story of Tobit, and Æsop's fable of Mercury and the Carpenter, and I am persuaded, whoever reads them with attention, will be convinced of the truth of what I am advancing.

It will be needless for me to enumerate the advantages that flow from that upright behaviour which I am recommending, since every one knows, that without it, or at least an appearance of it, trade, commerce, society, friendship, &c. must inevitably fall to the ground. I shall conclude with saying, that the candid and generous dealing of a just man, will procure him the love and esteem of all that know him, while shame and beggary are the portion of the knavish and designing.

Macriss

Moorish Cruelty.

MOHAMMED Almali, king of Fez, in his younger years, either had, or affected a strong passion for the study of divinity. The ascendancy he gained over the minds of men, by being believed to have more religion than is usually found in heads covered with crowns, enabled him to push things further than most of his predecessors : all his clergy were devoted to his interests, his nobility stood in great fear of him, and his people really believed, that in him were united the characters of prince and prophet. The inhabitants of a country lying to the south of his dominions, had erected a kind of aristocratical common wealth, under which they lived, if not happily, at least much better than any of their neighbours ; and the report of their being a rich and opulent people, vehemently spurred Almali to attempt the bringing them under his government.

With this view he set a great army on foot, marched into the frontiers of his neighbours, began to take their strong places, and ravage all the open country. In vain the poor people opposed him, his army was victorious in several actions, tho' not without loss, and he seemed to be on the point of compleating his design, when he was informed, that the enemy had drawn together an army superior to his own, in order to make the last effort for the preservation of their country. Almali upon this directed his march towards their camp, and in a few days a general battle ensued, which, for many hours, was fought with great bravery and resolution on both sides. At length the army of the king of Fez was constrained to retire, leaving many thousand dead bodies in the field of battle.

Then it was the soldiers, for the first time, shewed a dislike to their prince's conduct. They said that he had led them far from their families to perish in a foreign war, merely to gratify his ambition ; that if, as he pretended, he had undertaken this expedition by the command of God, they should have been miraculously assisted, or at least they should not have been beaten ; and therefore they determined to compel him to retreat. Almali having intelligence of this mutinous disposition, sent for a few of the officers on whom he could depend, and having laid before them the reasons he had to believe, that the enemy was in a worse condition than they, he shewed them the probability there was of perfecting the conquest, if the courage of his soldiers could but be restored ;

and in order to this, he proposed the following expedient: that these officers should in the dead of the night go and lay themselves among the dead men, from whence, by the king's order, they were to be brought off and interred in certain tombs which were in a village hard by, and in which such holes were made as were sufficient to furnish them with air.

This proposition being agreed to, and carried into execution, Almali assembled other officers, of whose fidelity he doubted, and having reproached them with want of loyalty, and the injurious things they had said of him, he exhorted them to go to the tombs of their companions, and after recommending themselves to heaven by prayer, to enquire of the deceased captains, whether the promises he had made them of felicity in the other world, were not accomplished to the full. These last mentioned officers, in pursuance of the king's instructions, went, accompanied with a great body of the soldiers, where, after solemn prayers, they were surprized to hear the following speech pronounced by a shrill voice from one of the tombs: Fight valiantly, my brethren, in the cause of God and the king, since all who fall therein, pass immediately to paradise, and enjoy all the bliss promised by our prophet, let their past lives have been ever so wicked.

The troops, inspired with new valour, retired from the tombs, and having encompassed the tent of their prince, promised to follow him cheerfully wherever he pleased to lead them. Almali thanked them in a long and pious speech, and as soon as he had dismissed them, went with a few attendants to the tombs, where he caused all the air-holes to be stopped up, supposing that those who had served him so faithfully when living, ought not to refuse to die for him, when that alone was capable of furthering his service. This, I think, is a sufficient proof, that if the Moors are as wicked as our Europeans, they are likewise as capable of being wicked to some purposes, if the purposes of the great deserve that name.

To the A U T H O R,

S I R,

AS you are a professed advocate for the female sex, I shall without apology lay my complaint before you. I am an unhappy woman, and my afflictions are caused by a fatal, but fashionable marriage, to a gentleman whose estate was contiguous to my father's, but to whom I had a settled aversion.

All

All remonstrances to my father were in vain, a worldly interest was a sufficient argument with him, and he gave me this consolation, that love would come after marriage; but I have not found it so, tho' behaving with all the prudence imaginable. I every day receive repeated instances of his hatred; but what increases my uneasiness is his being so exceedingly well bred: you may wonder at a complaint of such a kind; but his politeness to me in all publick companies makes him thought by the world to be an exceeding good husband, tho' whenever we are in private, he treats me with such harsh and indecent expressions and usage, as are too shocking to be related. Now, Sir, I wish you could induce this well bred gentleman to lay aside his hypocrisy, and either be less civil to me before company, or more civil to me when alone.

I am,

Your constant reader,

CORDELIA.

The Humours of the English Nation.

SIR William Temple, in his essay upon Popery, accounts for them in the following manner:— This, says he, may proceed from the native plenty of our soil, the unequality of our climate, as well as the ease of our government, and the liberty of professing opinions and factions; which perhaps our neighbours have about them, but are forced to disguise, and thereby may come in time to be extinguished. Thus we come to have more originals, and that they appear what they are. We have more humour, because every one follows his own, and takes a pleasure, perhaps a pride, to shew it. On the contrary, where people are generally poor, and forced to hard labour, their actions and lives are all of a piece. Where they serve hard masters, they must follow their examples as well as commands, and are forced upon imitation of small matters, as well as obedience in great; so that some nations look as if they were all cast in one mould, or cut out all by one pattern (at least the common people in one, and the gentlemen in another.)— They seem all of a sort in their habits, their customs, and even in their talk and conversation, as well as in the application and pursuit of their actions and their lives. Besides all this, there is another sort of variety amongst us, which arises from our climate, and the dispositions it naturally produces. We are not only more unlike one another, than any nation I know, but we are unlike ourselves too, at several times,

444 *Characters of the four celebrated Fabulists.*

times, and owe, to our very air, some ill qualities, as well as many good!

Ours is the only country, perhaps in the world, where every man, rich and poor, dares to have a humour of his own, and to avow it upon all occasions: and it is principally to this frank and generous disposition or humour in the people, that we are indebted for that aversion to slavery, which they never fail to keep up in their minds, as a standard and bulwark of their liberties.

A Speech made by Johnny Martyn of Norwych, a wealthy honest man, after Mr. Mayor Muigay's dinner.

Found in the collection of one Turner, of Lynne Regis.

MAISTER mayor of Norwych, and it please your worship, you have feasted us like a king. God bless the queen's grace. We have fed plentifully, and now whilom I can speak plain English, I heartily thank you, master mayor, and so do we all; answer, boys, answer: your beer is pleasant and potent, and will soon catch us by the caput, and stop our manners. And so, huzza for the queen's majesty's grace, and all her bonny brow'd dames of honour. Huzza for master mayor, and our good dame mayorefs. His noble grace, there he is, god save him and all this jolly company. To all our friends round country, who have a penny in their purse, and an English heart in their bodies, to keep out Spanish dons, and papists, with their faggots to burn our whiskers. —Shove it about, twirl your cap-cases, handle your jugs, and huzza for master mayor, and his brethren their worships.

The Characters of the four most celebrated Fabulists.

ÆSOP, the Inventor.

ÆSOP still is in possession of this title, and without entering into the dispute whether there were any writers in his way before him, 'tis sufficient that he brought mythology to that perfection that his predecessors are all forgot, and the most beautiful strokes in that art, that ever appeared, were drawn by, or were ascribed to him.

These

Those who have given the world any account of this author, have enlarged upon the deformities of his person. There's the very spirit of fable in their descriptions; and it is very probable, that his monstrous form is but an imaginary picture; that they have drawn this homely veil over his wit and integrity of heart, to shew their skill in lights and shadows.

To pursue this idea of him; there is no doubt but his fables were occasional compositions. He was an allegorical censor, and drew his pictures so exactly to the life, that every one could find out his own.

He pried into the different constitutions of all animals, that his symbols might be more harmonious and complete. He followed nature so closely, that I am inclined to think some, under his name, that are too far strained and too whimsical, must be spurious. These perhaps were some injudicious presents, though offered with respect and good design: they did not consider it was a robbery, not an addition to his treasure.

His compositions are precise to a fault; he purposely avoids descriptive beauties, running, not gradually proceeding, to the fact, thoughtless of the mean between the necessary and unuseful. In fine, *Æsop* was an humble philosopher, and adapted his precepts to the meanest capacities; he had a modest genius, turned for improvement more than pompous decoration.

PHŒDRUS.

PHŒDRUS was a slave as well as *Æsop*. He was made free too as well as he; but had the benefit of a superior education. He lived, when young, with an indulgent master; whilst the other had probably no one to direct him, but his natural genius. The taste which the one had for fable, was the gift of nature; the other's, the result of a laudable emulation. Phœdrus was ambitious of being the *Æsop* of the Latins; as Virgil of being their Homer; Terence their Menander; and Horace, their Pindar.

Æsop studied more to improve mankind, than to gain a reputation: he is so modest, he gives us no account of himself. The applause of future ages seems the least of his regard; and his fables were never collected into a volume till after his decease.

Phœdrus, on the other-hand, was determined to publish his works himself. There is a studied elegance runs through
all

all his fables; and though he is very familiar and easy, he is very genteel, and his numbers are smooth and musical. Æsop, as I observed before, was a philosopher; Phædrus, an author.

Phædrus seldom makes his fables long; yet they are prolix, if compared with those of Æsop. There is a beauty always attends his brevity: he abounds in well-chosen epithets; comprises a description sometimes in the narrow compass of a word; and adorns his tales with beauties, wholly unknown to Æsop; beauties however requisite to fable, whose chief end is information. A dull, plain allegory, after it is read, is never thought on more: whereas peculiar graces return upon the mind, and make a strong and lasting impression.

Phædrus has taken the liberty to introduce the history of his own times into some of his fables. Fable he knew did not only consist in action, but in a complication of adventures to confirm one simple truth. The history then was metamorphosed to an allegory, was looked upon no longer as a real fact, but an image only, and the ground work for some important moral.

His greatest fault was making his morals the introductions to his fables; and those, sometimes, too forced, and foreign to the story.

However, let us do justice to his character: he has beautified with abundance of judgement the simplicity of Æsop. His elegance is ever entertaining; and within the bounds of his subject. But according to the idea thus given of him, his taste was superior to his genius; he was always agreeable, but seldom merry; and studied plainness less than nature.

PILPAI.

PILPAI was for many years governor of Indostan, under an arbitrary prince: however, he was a slave, though so advanced; for the prime ministers in that country are as much so, as the meanest subject. Thus, we find, slaves have been the parents of fable.

Pilpai's fables were all political precepts; a state tract on the laws of Indostan. A certain king of Persia, apprised of his beautiful performance, sent proper messengers to buy up the impression, and ordered it to be translated by his own physicians. The Arabians honoured him with their translation; and to this day the Eastern world admire him.

Honoured

Honoured as he is, I should rather quote him as an example of defects, than as a model worthy to be copied. His fables too often transgress the rules of justice, unity, and nature itself; some contradict the others; some, themselves. His animals make such long, such serious and profound harangues, that their characters are lost in the discourse; sometimes he makes them guilty of actions, which don't resemble ours, but are peculiar to themselves; besides, his fables are all linked together, all confused.

In short, in some few places Pilpai shines; but for the generality his works are juvenile, tho' serious: tedious and dry, though full of reflections; because his allegories are so contradictory and offensive to the rules of justice.

LA FONTAINE,

IS Æsop, Phœdrus and Pilpai, all in one. He has collected all the beauties of the three, and, like the bee, stealing the honey from a thousand flowers, has obliged the world with the most beautiful collection France can boast of.

The narrations in his tales indeed are too extensive; which, in regard to their manner, are as conformable to fable, as the reverse, in point of morals; and it looks as if he designed, by his instructive fables, to make atonement for his immodest tales.

His thoughts were beautiful: his simplicity more soft and engaging, than modest; for modesty implies reflection: but every action, word and composition, flowed easy from the abundance of his heart.

So much an original as he is, he was as partial an admirer of the ancients, as if they were his models. Brevity, says he, is the soul of fable. He gives no reason for this assertion; but, as Quintilian said so, it is sufficient.

In his stile he has collected all the beauties; in every sentence he displays the charms of the agreeable and gay. By his artful management, he makes the familiar elegant and new: and to the freedom of the natural, adds the keen satire of the plain.

State of the Jews in France.

DETESTED by the people, exposed to oppressions, the sport of the avarice of princes, who expelled them for the sake of seizing on their substance, and afterwards, in consideration of very large sums, permitted them to return: such was the condition of the Jews till 1394, when they were finally and absolutely driven out by Charles VI. that all the great offers they have since made, and at junctures when the state was extremely distressed, they have not been able to procure them a toleration. Several large streets were filled with them; they had their schools, their synagogues, and burial places: however, they were not to appear in public without a yellow patch or mark on their breast. Philip the Bold ordered, that they should even wear a horn on their head: they were not allowed to bathe in the Seine, and when any were hanged, it was always between two dogs. In the time of Philip the Handsome, their community was called *Societas Caponum*, (regist. du parl. 1312. and their hall, *Domus Societatis Caponum*, whence certainly is derived our word *capon*, i. e. a cheat, a tricking rogue. [St. Foix's history of Paris.]

Of Wits.

THERE is no one character, which is more frequently and preposterously usurped, than that of a wit. Women are not more fond of being thought beauties than men are of this accomplishment: you may almost call it the universal passion: all are or would be wits. Wit, like manners, is local and relative, one thing in one age, and another in another. It is not the same in town and country, in one part of the town and the other end of it. Formerly a wit was a serious, thinking creature, with a fine understanding, a comprehensive genius, a delicate imagination, able to express himself properly and beautifully, either in or out of numbers. Such was Socrates, Cicero, Homer, and Virgil, which last Horace calls *Ingens Ingenium*, a great wit; and yet there are very few laughs in the whole *Æneid*. But these are old-fashioned wits, such as rise once in a thousand years, like comets, which make such tedious revolutions, that they elude computation, and affright us when they appear. We must therefore deny this character to the greatest part of our species who are ambitious of it, or
grant

grant it on easier terms than those above-mentioned. The Ancients wrote with a painful exactness; they are said to have scratched their heads and bit their nails to the quick. The Moderns shine in productions, which neither discompose their perriwigs, nor hurt their fingers; some of your wits of Greece and Rome were slovens; witness that rough Mantuan, who seldom went to the barber's, with his robe hanging down about his heels, and his shoe fitter for his head than his foot. If we allow wit to such mortals, what shall we do with the smarts and pretty fellows, who now-a-days pretend to it? I know not how to compromise this matter, but by allowing those prodigies of antiquity the title, their friend Horace gives them, of great wits, and the others the name of little ones: the former may be called the merchants and wholesale dealers in the affairs of genius; the latter, the haberdashers of small wares. Of these there are infinite divisions and subdivisions. There are your country and your town, your bodily and spirited wits, those that write, and those that prate, and those that do neither, but perform some feats of activity in the field, and at or over the table. Of these there are your sharp and blunt wits: the one cuts like a razor, and the other knocks you down with his joke. The former are the men of repartee, and endless pleasantry, marked out in Horace by the particular sharpness of their noses, to whom his friend Virgil was by no means a match. There are your dry wits, who break unexpectedly upon you, a sort of left-handed combatants, against whom there is no guarding; and opposite to these are the wet wits, who drink down a neighbourhood, and so deservedly pass for the strongest heads in a country. Again, you often meet with first, and as often with second-hand wits, like the voice and its echo, the one says, and the other faithfully repeats. There are, who make the muscles of the face, the adjustment of dress, the importance of a nod or smile, and the jerk of their motion, subservient to this character. There are conversation and playhouse oracles. Pertness and satire seldom fail of success: I have known one happy mortal harangue, and another growl himself into fame, and reign undisputed monarchs of a coffee-house, the one by praising, the other by snarling at every person and thing that came in his way. Among the various sorts of wits there is one, whom I would willingly call no wits at all; I mean those, who set up for wit by avowed impudence and dull profaneness. This I take to be the case of the modern infidels, who, destitute of talents to entertain and shine in the way of common sense and propriety, are resolved however to be remarkable at any

rate, and commence the finest spirits, by boldly opposing, and insipidly ridiculing, whatever the sensible part of mankind have maintained and esteemed.

Of the Force of Custom.

IT was the observation of one of our old poets,
 Oft a good habit makes a child a man;
 Whereas a bad one makes a man a beast.

If this be true, as certainly it is, tho' custom may be allowed a queen, yet we have a right to examine into her administration.

Hippocrates tells us of a nation about the Palus Mæotis, where the women swathed their young childrens heads into the forms of sugar loaves, wherein they not only grew, but nature at last became obedient to them, and women were no longer delivered of children with round, but long heads. The same thing may be said of custom; she gets the better of nature frequently, and deluding us with vices, as Mithridates is said to have fed on poisons, we at last grow strong enough to digest any thing. We are told in the history of the council of Constance, that a Neapolitan peasant, who lived near a place infamous for robberies and murders, went once to confession, and having told the priest, that on a certain fast day he had swallowed a small draught of milk, he assured the father he could recollect no other sin he had been guilty of: how, said the confessor, do you never assist your neighbours in robbing and murdering the passengers in such a hollow road? Yes, said the peasant, but that's so common with us, that we don't make it a point of conscience.

If the dread of being drawn to commit the grossest sins, ought to make us apprehensive of following custom implicitly, we ought to be no less so from the consideration of the power of custom, which when we have once submitted to, we shall find it very hard to throw off. Plato, seeing a young man at dice, reprov'd him sharply: As I do it, said the youth, to pass time, it is hard to chide me so much for so slight a fault. But habit, child, said the philosopher, is no small fault. These are authorities; and as to the reason of the thing, it is not difficult to apprehend it. Labour is the habit of the body, and we see that by a frequent repetition of the same sort of labour, men by degrees acquire almost incredible strength. It is the same thing with the mind and morals: whatever we do

do often, we do easily and chearfully, and can hardly be broke of. A porter at sixty carries with great facility a burden, which a man of thirty, unused to such things, could by no means bear; a gamester at sixty sits up all night to hear the bones rattle, where a man of half his age, without any propensity to the vice, would most certainly fall asleep. He who in his youth frequents houses of ill fame, and can taste no delight but in the ribaldry of lewd women, does age or experience mend him? No: he goes on still in the same track, and is as scandalous an old lecher, as he was a young one. Such is the force of inveterate custom: and shall we not look into our customs, before we suffer them to become inveterate?

There is another reason for doing this, which perhaps, is the strongest of all; by putting ourselves under the protection of this queen, and using her aid on proper occasions, we may attain the most difficult virtues, and raise ourselves as much above the level of mankind, by good habits, as we may by bad ones be depressed below it.

The Lacedæmonians placed all their hopes of educating youth in virtue on this single point; they bred them to it from their infancy, and accustomed them to hear, speak, and think of nothing else: well therefore did one of their preceptors answer one who asked, what his employment was? Friend, I make things good and profitable, pleasant to children.

Since the force of custom is such, it is our duty to apply it to right things: if we do not render it useful to us, it will, before we perceive it, render us useless and ridiculous. A young man, who had been long under the tuition of Plato, returning to his father's house, and seeing the good old man laugh heartily at some trifle, said with surprize, I believe, tho' he is my father, he is in the wrong; for I never saw any thing like this in the school of Plato. If besides having a just idea of virtue in our heads, and a warm affection for it in our hearts, we acquire it as a habit in our actions, we need not be so much upon our guard as other people: folly or vice will strike in such a manner, as to offend and disgust us, instead of insinuating or corrupting: our habitual acts of goodness will, without ostentation, beget in the world an habitual respect; and thus by employing our reason to direct custom, we shall effectually promote our happiness by that force, which would otherwise have precipitated us into misery.

To sum up all: custom is a very excellent servant, a very indifferent guide, and a most intolerable mistress.

The

The Story of Pope JOAN, from the fourth volume of Mr. Bower's history.

AFTER Leo IV. and before Benedict III. is commonly placed the famous pope Joan, by those who believe that such a pope ever existed. But before I enquire whether such a pope ever existed or not, the reader will expect some account of the birth, of the education, of the various adventures, of so extraordinary a woman, before, as well as after, she attained to the pontifical dignity, as it has been delivered down to us by the writers, who speak of her as a real, and not as a fabulous person. She was, according to most of those writers, the daughter of an English missionary; who, leaving his own country, went over to Germany, with great numbers of his countrymen, to instruct the Saxons, whom Charlemagne had converted with his victorious army to the Christian religion. The missionary carried over his wife with him, which obliged him, as she was big with child, to stop at Ingelheim; and there she was delivered of a daughter, whom some call Joan, and others Agnes, Gerbert, Isabel, Marguerite, Dorothy, and Jutt. As Joan (so I shall call her, as she is most commonly known by that name) shewed from her infancy a strong inclination to the study of letters, and her father, who was a man of great learning, indulging that inclination, took upon him to instruct her, she made, under him, such astonishing progress in the different branches of literature, that she was looked upon by all as a prodigy. Her passion for learning did not render her insensible to a passion of a different nature. As she was no less famous for her beauty and address than for her genius and her learning, a young monk, of the monastery of Fuld in Germany, fell violently in love with her; and his flame kindling one no less violent in her breast, it was agreed between them, that, to enjoy more freely the company of each other, she should privately withdraw from her father's house, should disguise her sex, and, in that disguise, apply to the abbot to be admitted into the same monastery. She was then only twelve years old; but her passion inspiring her with a resolution superior to her age as well as to her sex, she forsook her parents unaffected, and dissembling her sex, presented herself to the abbot, and so imposed upon him by an assumed modesty, and a pretended desire of consecrating herself from her tender years to God, and avoiding the temptations of the world, that might, in confederacy with her passions when they grew stronger, rob her of her innocence; that he embraced her

her with great joy, and received her as a most promising youth, amongst his monks. And now the two lovers had, to their inexpressible satisfaction, opportunities every day of seeing one another, of conversing familiarly together, and expressing to each other the violence of their passion, undisturbed and unsuspected. However, they are said to have kept, notwithstanding the violence of their passion, within bounds in indulging it; but within what bounds we are not told; and to keep any bounds in indulging a violent passion, is a task to which few, if any at all, are equal. The lovers did not long continue in that happy state; but eloping together, for what reasons we are not informed, from the monastery, they came privately over to England, the young monk being a native of this country. Here they pursued their studies together with uncommon application. From hence they went to France, from France to Italy, and from Italy to Greece, stopping where-ever they found masters or professors capable of improving them in the knowledge they had already acquired. In Greece they chose Athens for the place of their abode, to perfect themselves there in the knowledge of the Greek tongue. They had not been long at Athens, when the monk was taken ill, and died in a few days, in spite of all the care that could possibly be used to save his life. How deeply the surviving lover was affected with so fatal a blow, no words can express. Not able to bear the sight of any thing or place she had ever seen with him, she resolved, in the same disguise, to repair to Rome; not to visit the holy place there, but to divert her mind from dwelling too intensely upon the irreparable loss she had sustained, and alleviate her grief with the sight of so many great objects as would offer themselves there to her view. She had no occasion to repent of that resolution: her extraordinary talents made her soon known in that great metropolis; and her modesty, her address, her engaging behaviour, gained her the esteem as well as the affection of all who knew her. To display her talents, she opened a school; and had the satisfaction of seeing it frequented by persons of the first rank and distinction, by the most learned men at that time in Rome; nay, and by the public professors themselves, not ashamed, nor thinking it any sort of disparagement for them to become her disciples. Thus she continued gaining daily new reputation and credit, not by her knowledge and learning alone, but by a conduct in appearance quite blameless, and an outward shew of extraordinary sanctity, being ever the foremost in all public exercises of piety and devotion.

In

In the mean time died pope Leo IV. and tho' men of extraordinary merit were not then wanting in Rome, yet was a woman preferred to them all, and, as of all the best qualified for so high a station, raised with one voice by the people and clergy to the pontifical throne. Thus did the world behold a woman sitting in the chair of St. Peter, and the keys, with the power of loosening and binding, fallen to the distaff. How long she was suffered thus to impose on the christian world, is not agreed amongst authors; but in this all agree, that neither the people nor the clergy had occasion, till she was discovered, to repent of their choice; for she was discovered in the end, and the discovery of her sex was owing to the same passion that first prompted her to disguise it. Had she been as chaste as many other women, who are said to have disguised their sex before her time, as well as after it, she might have continued undiscovered, as well as they, to the hour of her death; but chastity was a virtue that she had been an utter stranger to ever since her infancy, and opportunities now offering daily to gratify an inclination that she never had the resolution to withstand, she yielded to it at all adventures, discovered herself to one of her domestics, on whose secrecy she knew she could rely, and disclosing to him all her secrets, took him in the room of her former lover. He was true to his trust; and to none was their intimacy known till the consequences, naturally attending it, betrayed it to the world. Her holiness proved with child; and we are told, that having presumed, on that condition, to exercise a demoniac, and command the devil to tell her when he was to quit the body he possessed, the evil spirit answered, Tell me first, you who are pope, and the father of fathers, when a she pope is to be brought to bed, and I will then tell you when I am to quit the body I possess. That answer was understood by those that heard it as importing no more than that the devil never would depart from that body; and no notice was therefore taken of it.

In the mean time her holiness advanced in her pregnancy; but not thinking herself so near her time as she really was, she unluckily ventured to assist at a procession, the annual procession of the rogation-week. In that week, extraordinary devotions were performed to preserve the fruits of the earth, yet tender and liable to be blasted; and the pope walked, in solemn procession, with all the clergy, from the Vatican Basilic to the Lateran. She might have excused herself; and a woman of her art and address could not be at a loss to find pretences to excuse herself from attending so long and so fatiguing a ceremony:

ceremony: but she chose to attend it, not apprehending that she was so near her time, say some writers; while others gravely tell us, that, touched with remorse, she sincerely repented of her wickedness; and that an angel being thereupon sent from heaven to offer her the alternative, to be either eternally damned in the other world, or endure in this the confusion that was due to her sins, she chose of the two evils the least. However that be, she set out in procession from the Vatican, attended, according to custom, by the clergy in a body, by the senate, and immense crowds of people, and walked with great ease till she came to the street between the church of St. Clement and the amphitheatre. There she was suddenly seized with the pains incident to women in her condition; fell, overcome by the violence of those pains, to the ground; and while all about her were striving to help her up, and afford her some relief, not knowing what had befallen her, she was, in the public street, and in the presence of the whole multitude, delivered of a son, or, as a monkish poet expresses it, of a little pope. Some say, that both the mother and the child died on the spot; and others, that the child died; but that the mother was preserved by a kind of miracle, to atone, as she did in a dungeon, for her wickedness. They add, that to perpetuate the memory of such an extraordinary adventure, a little chapel was built, and a statue erected, in the place where it happened, both to the mother and the child; and that, in detestation of the fact, the popes and the Roman clergy have ever since, in their processions from the Vatican to the Lateran, turned off from that street, chusing rather to go a good way about than to pass through so infamous a place. Not satisfied with thus shewing their detestation and abhorrence of such a scandalous imposition, to prevent their being thus imposed upon for the future, they introduced the immodest custom of placing the new pope on a perforated stool, before he was ordained, and obliging the youngest deacon to satisfy himself and them, that the person whom they had chosen, was not a woman; *Mas est*, cried the deacon; and the clergy answered, *Deo gratias*.

The Story of a young Woman.

IN the summer of the year 1752, appeared in London, a lady, who, without beauty, was acknowledged the most amiable of her sex. Fortune had denied all her favours; but there are gifts the mind confers upon itself; these were of a higher nature, and they were her's. Her charms were

O o

those

those of virtue and good sense; and they were always clothed with mildness and humility.—The reception of the world favoured the natural reserve in this lady's disposition; her charms were for the wise alone, the great and the good. There appeared nothing in her to excite the admiration of our sex; and she flattered herself she should escape, therefore, the envy of her own.

With such qualifications she was placed in the station of companion to old lady Lure, who, from an obscure origin, still retained her primæval meanness, and though incapable of inspiring love, still strove after new conquests; but finding all she wished to captivate insensible to her allurements, in mere despair she was resolved to consult a conjurer. The conjurer to whom she applied on this occasion, was privily no better than an agent for major Scheme, a man detestable for the abuse of excellent qualifications. Nature had given him a graceful person, with an understanding equal to the most shining of the age; and he had given all the graces of politeness to the first, and improved the latter by travel and by reading. This gentleman was quickly apprized by the conjurer, of the visit of lady Lure, and the modesty and sense of her young companion. A person like him, devoted to pleasure, was immediately determined upon the attack: beauty never inspired a natural passion half so furious, as that which filled this gentleman's breast, on the report of the young lady's virtue, so much he doated upon its destruction. He informed himself of her situation, and found it highly favourable to his purposes. Indigence and dependence he thought could not be proof against liberality and freedom. With these designs he availed himself of a former, tho' long discontinued, acquaintance with lady Lure, to introduce himself again into her company; and pretended love to the old lady, in order to cover his approaches to the young one. He accordingly galanted them at Vauxhall, was assiduous in his morning visits, and proposed an excursion to Richmond, which the old lady readily accepted. Instead of Richmond they were driven, by the major's private directions, to Bushy-park, where our man of galantry shewed an exquisite taste in refined expence. An entertainment was provided upon the grass in the most elegant manner; servants waited at a respectful distance, and the green hillocks, about the stems of the adjoining trees, served as so many sideboards: nothing could exceed the pleasure of the repast, to which the murmurs of the cascade, and the wild notes of birds, served as a concert. The dusk of night approached, such dusk as the short nights shew at the summer season. The french-horns were

were ordered to precede at some distance ; and the company walked to view a new scene, the faint stars twinkling thro' the branches, and the fair western sky seemed to promise such another day. The rest of the company went on, but Miss Wilhelmina's coat happening to be caught by a bramble, she was obliged to stop. The major, who pretended to come to her assistance, perceiving her alone, and the company out of sight, brutally attempted her virtue by force, which she refused to grant him upon less compulsive terms. They had been for some time struggling, when lord Sage appeared in view, a man advanced in years, who had chosen that retreat for study, and the improvement of science, of which he was one of the most shining ornaments. The ravisher retired upon his approach ; upon which he placed the lady in his chariot, in order to conduct her safely to London. As they travelled along, when the young lady's spirits were composed, he turned the discourse upon ordinary topics ; and he found new reasons every moment to be charmed with her. The dignity of her sentiments was adorned with such humility and gentleness in her expression ; so much good sense appeared in every thing she said, and so little consciousness of it, that, with the unexampled sweetness of her manners, all made together a composition, more than had before been seen in woman. She found equal pleasure in his conversation ; but all her expectations of farther happiness in his friendship were banished, when he informed her that his lady was still living. The consequences of the major's attempt were, that Wilhelmina was dismissed from the family of lady Lure, and turned out into the streets, loaded with poverty and reproach. It would be tedious to recount the adventures of her retirement in the country, to which she flew for shelter. Let it be sufficient to say, that the major was again made acquainted with the place of her abode, and offered, in the most humble and pressing manner, to repair his former insult by matrimony. The day was fixed, the morning came, and all was ready for the solemnization ; when the company were alarmed by the report of a pistol in the chamber, to which the major had retired, as if to prepare himself for the ceremony. The pistol was found in his hand, which yet grasped it in the last convulsion ; and though it was impossible to guess a reason, there could be no doubt but that he was his own executioner. As this incident made much noise in the country, Wilhelmina was obliged to return to town, and worked at her needle for subsistence. In the same house with her lived two young ladies, who had fallen from opulence into distress : they had received frequent supplies of money from an unknown benefactress

factress, and their own industry contributed to make their circumstances at least tolerable. One morning, however, they were visited by an elderly gentleman, who came to inform them that their benefactress was dead; but he added, that, as she had been too judicious to select any but worthy objects for her favour, he was resolved to continue her bounty, and that they should receive the usual compliment the day following. Wilhelmina, from an adjacent room, hearing the voice of a stranger, knew it to be that of her former benefactor, and flew to throw herself at his feet. Lord Sage, whose lady had been lately dead, soon renewed his acquaintance with our heroine: and upon his finding, that instead of an abandoned creature, he had rescued from destruction the only child of a family of birth and fortune, for such Wilhelmina at last appeared to be, his visits became frequent, they were married soon after, and his passion encreased with his esteem.

Account of a Dwarf.

AT Okeham in Rutlandshire, in the year 1616, was born one Jeffery Hudson, a man, who when he was seven years old, was not above fifteen inches high, tho' his parents, who had several other children of the usual size were tall and lusty. At that age, he was taken into the family of the duke of Buckingham; and to divert the court, who, on a progress through this country, were entertained at the duke's seat, at Burler-on-the-hill, he was served up to table in a cold pye. Between the seventh and the thirtieth years of his age, he did not advance many inches in stature, but soon after thirty, he shot up to the height of three feet nine inches, which he never exceeded.

He was given to Henrietta Maria, consort of king Charles I. probably at the time when he was served up in the pye; and that princess kept him as her dwarf, and is said to have employed him on messages abroad. In the civil wars, he was made a captain of horse in the king's service, and he accompanied the queen his mistress to France, from whence he was banished for killing a brother of lord Crofts, in a duel on horse-back. He was afterwards taken at sea by a Turkish corsair, and was many years a slave in Barbary; but being redeemed, he came to England, and, in 1678, upon suspicion of being concerned in Oates's plot, was taken up and committed prisoner to the Gatehouse, Westminster, where he lay a considerable time, but was at last discharged, and died in 1682.

Where

(459)
Where shall CELIA fly for Shelter.
Sung by Miss DAVIES at Vauxhall.

Where shall Ce-lia fly for shelter, In what se-cret grove or cave ;

Pia.
Sighs and son-nets sent to melt her, from the young, the gay, the

brave, Sighs and son-nets sent to melt her, from the young,

the the Tho' with pride---ish airs she

farch her, Still she longs, and still she burns ; Cu-pid shoots like Hymen's

arch-er, wherefo-----e'er the dam-fel turns, Cu-pid shoot like Hymen's

arch-er wherefo-----e'er the dam-fel turns

II.

Virtue, youth, good-sense and beauty,
If discretion guide us not,
Sometimes are the ruffian's booty,
Sometimes are the booby's lot.
Now they're purchas'd by the trader,
Now commanded by the peer,
Now some subtle mean invader
Wins the heart or pains the ear.

III.

O discretion thou'rt a jewel,
Or our grand-mamma's mistake,
Stinting flame by bating fuel,
Always careful and awake.
Would you keep your pearls from trampiers,
Weigh the licence, weigh the banes,
Mark my song upon your samplers,
Wear it on your knots and fans.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

Description of the MORNING.

MY dear Lucinda now the door
unbar'd,
And softly sighing let me thro' the
yard,
Then whisper'd thus, "O Cleophil be true,
"Think what this night hath pass'd----adieu
"----adieu!"
"Doubt not sweet love," I press'd her hand
and said,
So parting, with regret, stole home to bed---
For bright Aurora leading in the morn,
With rosy blushes did the east adorn;
Sad Philomel gave o'er her plaintive strains;
And larks arose from off the dewy plains
With sprightly notes, exulting on the wing;
While finches did on ev'ry bramble sing.
In yonder misty lawn, the lowing ox,
Call'd waking echo from her cavern'd rocks,
Whose mimic voice did through the vallies
rove,
And dy'd, at length, within th' adjacent grove.
The golden glow-worm, that at Curfeu shone
Among the herbs, was faded now and gone,
A gentle breeze began to curl the streams,
And jocund hinds came whistling with their
teams.

RICHES and PLEASURE.

RICHES and Pleasure falsely we sup-
pose
A state of bliss: they bring a world of woes:
Expose us hourly to corroding cares,
To open dangers, and to secret snares.
Splendid without, and shining they are seen:
Black horror, dreadful ruins lurk within.
Beware of snatching at the gilded bait,
'Twill poison all; imbitter the whole fate.
No solid comforts harbour in excess:
The middle state alone conducts to happiness.

EPIGRAM ON Miss ———, occasioned
by her wearing PATCHES.

NO wonder that Daphne shun'd Phæbus'
embraces,
She was cur'd of her lover, when she look'd
in his face:
No wonder the men from Lucetta should run,
For the spots in her face are like those in the
sun. G. C.

EPITAPH to the Memory of the late
Mr. CHARLES CHURCHILL.

CHURCHILL no more! O cruel death,
'twas hard
So soon to rob us of our fav'rite bard!
We should not thus bewail the fatal doom,
Hast thou but plac'd an equal in his room.

To the AUTHOR,

SIR,
By letting my woeful situation appear
in your Magazine, you will amaz-
ingly oblige a discontented Fellow.

VERSES inscribed to the dear beauti-
ful THIEF, that stole away my
HEART the t'other night at the
PLAY.

CONDEMN'D in the chains of eternal
despair,

I drivel out life in distress;
Th' diversion and scorn of a beautiful fair,
Without the least hopes of redress,

Three days have I languish'd, thus tortur'd
with pain,
Expecting from Laura relief;
But instead of that comfort, her looks of
disdain
Have made me an emblem of grief.

Lost

Lost wretch that I am! how bewilder'd I rove!
A stranger to pity's kind eye!
Neglected by Laura! distracted by love!
Ye God's! I shall certainly die.

Was I false and designing, to beauty a foe,
Like Strephon wrote sonnets to tease;
That might be some plea, why I'm loaded
with woe,
And cruelly robb'd of my peace.

But, since I am not, dear Laura be kind,
With honour take me to your bed;
If this you refuse, expect shortly to find,
That Lovefun, poor Lovefun is dead.

Oft. 22, 1764.

JACK LOVEFUN.

PASTORAL ELEGY, to the Memory
of Mr. CHARLES CHURCHILL.

By CHRISTOPHER CRABTREE, Esq.

YE echoes my sentiments hear,
While Churchill I truly deplore
And now wet his grave with a tear,
Whom I freely have censur'd before.

With candour, not enmity fraught,
I sometimes deny'd him the bays;
So if sensible e'er of a fault,
O let me be just to his praise,

By Genius mark'd out from the throng,
The Goddess beheld him and smil'd:
And Fancy still beam'd thro' his song,
Tho' rough, inharmonious, and wild.

'Twas his thro' the musical maze
With a perfect indiff'rence to steer:
And teach e'en the hardest of lays
To please the most difficult ear.

In a burst of the noblest flame
His sentiments frequently ran:
Yet oft has the Bard bought a name
At the total expence of the Man.

The vicious still shrunk at his pen
Where'er it appear'd to their view;
Yet, O, the most worthy of men
Have oftentimes dreaded it too.

His Muse with a fury would glow,
Too partial for sense to commend,
O'erlook all the worth of a foe,
And forget all the faults of a friend.

Hence, black as the vestments of night
A Bute has he studied to shew,
And painted his Wilkes in a light
That washes him wholly to snow.

Hence ev'ry engagement of pow'r
He censur'd as national wrong,
And bid Scotland eternally lour,
All barren and dreary, in song.

But who, if a stricture is made,
Can Justice with certainty name,
That never has deviously stray'd,
Nor once been to pity, or blame?
That Churchill had errors we know;
But then he was frank and sincere;
And never was told of a woe,
But he gave it his purse, or his tear.

Too proud, when his fortune he met,
By far, to a Statesman to bend;
And too humble, by much, to forget
The name of the shabbiest friend.

Then round the poor spot where he's laid
May the laurel eternally bloom;
And nought but his virtues be made
An epitaph e'er for his tomb.

If a fault is unhappily shewn
Let us place it to nature and man;
And, engag'd by his merit alone,
Strive to imitate that if we can.

VERSES ON FRIENDSHIP.

TELL me ye, groves, and founts, and chrystal
rills,
Where, oft entwining arms, my friend and
I did rove,
My bosom now no pleasing raptures fills,
Whene'er I wander in the silent grove.

The fair Sabina then did grace my side,
In her sweet converse how the moments flew!
When so much blest the time did swiftly glide,
While from her lips I virtuous precepts
drew.

The floods, embrown'd with solitude's deep
haunts,
Where contemplation ever loves to dwell,
Where Philomela melancholy chaunts,
And the sad story of her woes doth tell.

There my Sabina oft with me hath stray'd,
When by the moon, our paths we scarce
descry,
We bent our steps to reach the distant shade,
Echo's retreat, remote from human eye.

There join'd, by social sympathy of heart,
Our thoughts, our wishes, and desires the
same,
(Our souls are strangers unto guileful art,
Sure such an union merits friendship's
name.

Her cruel absence varies all the scene,
The charms are vanish'd off the lovely green;
Her presence, only, can my joy restore;
While she is absent pleasure is no more.

BELINDA.

A

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

AH, Damon, dear shepherd, adieu!
 By love and first nature allied,
 Together in fondness we grew;
 Ah, would we together had died!
 For thy faith which resembled my own,
 For thy soul which was spotless and true,
 For the joys we together have known,
 Ah, Damon, dear shepherd, adieu!
 What bliss can hereafter be mine!
 Whomever engaging I see,
 To his friendship I ne'er can incline,
 For fear I should mourn him, like thee.
 Tho' the Muses should crown me with art,
 Tho' honour and fortune should join;
 Since thou art denied to my heart,
 What bliss can hereafter be mine?
 Ah, Damon, dear shepherd, farewell!
 Thy grave with sad officers I'll bind;
 Tho' no more in one cottage we dwell,
 I can keep thee for ever in mind:
 Each morning I'll visit alone
 His ashes who lov'd me so well,
 And murmur each eve o'er his stone,
 "Ah, Damon, dear shepherd, farewell!"

The ROSE. TO LAURA.

LAURA, view this lovely flower,
 Semblance of thy faultless form,
 Fragrant scent, and beauty's power,
 Add their efforts each to charm;
 Yet, my fair, with apt attendance,
 Wait the lessons they convey,
 Soon they fade, how weak dependance
 On the blossoms of a day?
 In the vale of life, dull station,
 Od'rous sweets assign'd to grow,
 Yet the foes to their duration
 Crop the blossoms, 'ere they blow:
 Th'orny car, with wide dominion,
 Sits on all our warm delights,
 Like the blast, affliction's pinion
 Even the charms of beauty blights,
 Like the rose, our comforts wither,
 And, like it, ourselves must fade;
 Cruel Time the bloom will gather
 In youth's fun, or age's shade:
 Yet shall Laura's bosom ever
 Taste the homage truth must give,
 For when rosy hues shall leave her,
 Yet shall mental fragrance live.

The unfortunate SHEPHERD.

HOW blest was Aristides with his flock,
 His herd one heifer, and one sheep his
 flock,
 With these as happy as the live long day,
 From his cot he banish'd care away.

He had not liv'd thus easy long, before,
 Unluckily, he lost his little store.
 The harmless sheep, under the wolf's paws
 cry'd,
 In teeming pain his favourite Moegy dy'd.
 Poor Aristides now, depriv'd of all
 His hopes, and wealth, which tho' at most was
 small,
 Yet gave content, unable for to bear
 His loanfome dull condition, seiz'd with care,
 He took the string which once his wallet ty'd,
 Hung himself up, and in his cottage dy'd.

On the Death of R. EYLES, M.A.
TRANSLATED.

THIS the lov'd youth, well-skill'd in Na-
 ture's law,
 Who many cities, men and manners saw;
 Studious he glean'd fair science in his tour,
 As bees suck honey from the meanest flower:
 With arts he stor'd, with virtue grac'd his
 mind;
 Ah me! that Fate to virtue should be blind!
 Death clos'd his eyes in night's eternal gloom;
 His fame alone escapes the greedy tomb.
 Frail man, alas! begins as soon as born
 To die; thus roses wither on the thorn.
 One day beholds the bright sun rise and fall;
 And a short date attends the greatest of us all.
 As clouds, when Phœbus fers, distil in tears,
 And a wan look the languid lily wears;
 Thus from mine eyes the streams of sorrow
 flow,
 And bathe profuse the written scroll below,
 Ah! may these tears relieve the weeping
 swain,
 As oft the day grows brighter after rain.

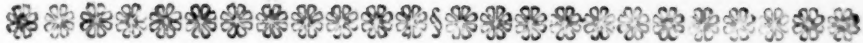
The REMEMBRANCER.

Incomparably mild and winning,
 Ever with new beauties shining,
 How'er employ'd you chance to be,
 Spare one thought, and think of me;
 While graceful in the dance you move,
 Prompting all, who view, to love;
 Say how happy must I be,
 If you kindly think of me.
 Sweet compliance with thee dwelling,
 All the rest in wit excelling,
 In turn of thought for ever new,
 Think of me, as I of you.

R. W.

On Mr. CHURCHILL's Death.

PROSE driving dunces, waddling fools in
 rhyme,
 Scoundrels of every kind, by vengeance led,
 Spit forth your venom, poison all our clime,
 Churchill, who scourg'd you to your holes, is
 dead!
 J. C.



Foreign and Domestic Occurrences.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER, 1.

ON Tuesday last was committed to Newgate, from the publick office in Bow street, by major Spinage, the famous Mulatto man, who called himself, and was generally known by the name of King Kadgo, and who for some time past hath preyed upon the public, pretending to be a king or foreign prince, and hiring livery servants, taking genteel lodgings, obtaining rich suits of cloaths from taylors, and such like impositions. When apprehended (at which time he had two footmen to attend him) he had a crown upon his head composed of rich gold lace, which, upon examination, appears to have been stolen by him from a master taylor, whilst he was chusing a pattern of lace for a suit of cloaths.

Friday 2. Wednesday morning a fire broke out in Prince's street, Drury-lane, which has destroyed four houses, and damaged several others. —Wednesday night Henry Guppy, a butcher, in his way from Streatham to Norwood, in Surry, was attacked in a field of Mr. Dunford's of Norwood, by three footpads, who robbed him of what money he had and a bundle of cloaths and linnen, and beat him in such a manner that his life was despaired of; and yesterday a person was committed to the Gate-

house by Sir John Fielding, on suspicion of being one of the three villains.

Saturday, 3. On Thursday last the first instant, John Wilkes, esq. had sentence of outlawry pronounced against him at the sheriffs county court in Holborn, by the sheriff, coroner, and other officers.

Tuesday, 6. Last night a drayman, driving a brewer's caravan along Old Gravel Lane, Wapping, where was a bonfire, and some lads throwing serpents, the hories took fright, and the driver endeavouring to stop them, was thrown under the wheel, and so much bruised, that he died soon after.—This morning arrived at the India house the purser of the *Glatton*, with an account of the arrival of the said ship from China. She left the Deptford at St. Helena, from Madrafs. The *Speaker*, from Bombay, sailed with her from St. Helena, and parted a little while after, so that the news of her arrival may be hourly expected.

Wednesday, 7. Yesterday, being the birth day of his royal highness prince Henry-Frederick, his majesty's third brother, (who entered into the twentieth year of his age) their majesties received the compliments of the nobility and gentry upon the occasion; as did her royal highness the princess dowager of Wales.

P p

Thursday,

Thursday, 8. Tuesday evening, about seven o'clock, a fire broke out in one of the new houses belonging to Mr. Osborne, a builder, which are almost finished, near the Gulley hole in Houndsditch. The fire consumed all the inside of the house where it began, and damaged the adjoining one, before it could be extinguished. — Yesterday Mr. Samuel Jarvis, a blind youth of great merit, was chosen organist of the parish of Bishopsgate. — This day the right honourable the lord mayor, with the lord mayor elect, attended by the aldermen and the courts of assistants of the Cutlers and Grocers companies, went in procession from the Mansion house to Guild hall, where the lord mayor elect was sworn into his high office, and had the city regalia delivered to him; after which they returned back to the Mansion house, where an elegant entertainment, at the joint expense of the new and old lord mayors, was given to the aldermen and the two companies aforesaid.

Friday, 9. Yesterday about four o'clock in the afternoon, his royal highness the duke of Cumberland, attended by the earl of Albemarle, and general Hudson, arrived at his house in Grosvenor square, from Newmarket. — The grand saloon in the Queen's Palace is ordered to be hung with a rich damask of English fabrick, supposed to be the richest ever made in this kingdom. The cartoons fixed up there from Hampton Court, are taken down to be placed in another part of the Queen's Palace.

Monday, 12. Saturday last a man driving a waggon along Goswell-street, fell down, when the wheel went over his head, and killed him on the spot.

Tuesday, 13. Yesterday his royal highness the duke of Cumberland set out from his house in Grosvenor-square for Windsor lodge — We are assured that a patent is now prepar-

ing, to create his royal highness prince William, second brother to his majesty, duke of Lancaster. It is remarkable there has not been a duke of Lancaster since the reign of king Richard II. the last who bore that title being Henry duke of Lancaster and Hereford, son of the famous John of Gaunt, who was afterwards king of England, by the name of Henry IV.

Wednesday, 14. The following account is given of the supposed murder, for which some persons are now in custody. A boy, an apprentice to a clog-maker in Grub street, having frequently refused going of errands late of an evening, upon his master's correcting him, gave the following account: that before he came apprentice he lived in a house of ill fame in an alley in Chick-lane, where his sister lodged, who was a common prostitute; that one evening, about seven months since, she brought in a man with boots and spurs, appearing like a countryman; that they drank freely, and went to bed together; that his sister got up and took his money out of his pocket, which the man perceiving, he got up and struck her, when she stabbed him several times with a knife, and the man dropped down dead; that then, with the assistance of some persons, she stripped him naked, and some of them got a pickaxe and spade, and dug a hole and buried him in a piece of waste ground behind the house. All necessary steps are taken to bring this affair to light.

Thursday, 15. Yesterday morning David Spence and John Carlow, for stealing woollen cloth, &c. from the warehouse of mess. Crane, scarlet-dyers, at Old Ford, were, pursuant to their sentence executed at Tyburn. — Friday night about eight o'clock, a woman, well dressed, was found with her throat cut, and quite dead, near Hyde Park wall, by Grosvenor-square. — We

—We are credibly informed that thirty thousand pounds, will not make good the damages that his grace the duke of Bedford has sustained by the blowing up of the dykes in the counties of Cambridge and Lincoln, in each of which he is possessed of large estates.—We hear that the late Mr. Churchill has left sixty pounds a year to his widow for life; fifty pounds a year to his miss ——— for her life; rings to his grace the ———, John Wilkes, esq. Humphrey Coates, esq. and Mr. Robert Lloyd.

The great fish which lately run ashore on the coasts of Sweden, was of such monstrous bigness, that we are told, in letters from thence of the twelfth of October, that five men could scarce lift the head into a wagon; and when wounded by the inhabitants, it lashed the waves with so much vehemence that it made the sea roll, as if in a most terrible storm, all round it. Another circumstance of its bigness is, that it was aground in six feet depth of water.—The following species of fraud has lately been committed with success on both sides the river; a sharper, dressed like a waiter, hails, after dark, some vessel by name, whose captain he knows to be at that time out of the ship, desiring them to send on shore the maker's great coat, which he receives from the bearer, who is generally some apprentice, at the same time telling him his master is at such a tavern, and will be on board by such an hour, and desires to have the boat at the stairs at that time; the lad thanks him for his intelligence, delivers the coat, and the sharper makes off with his booty.

Saturday, 17. Yesterday about noon a poor sailor coming to town, was stopped near Hampstead, by three soldiers, who robbed him of his shoe-buckles, and six shillings in silver; after which they bound him to a tree, where some gentlemen, who were out

a shooting, found and released him. A company at a public-house in the neighbourhood, hearing his disaster, good-naturely contributed to reimburse his loss, and sent him to town not a little happy at so unexpected and welcome a relief.—This morning one Catherine Ellis, a poor infirm woman of sixty five, was ran over by a coach in Holborn, which broke her collar-bone, and one of her legs; she sold fruit, and had two grand-children to subsist on the little profits of her industry.

Monday, 19. A few days ago Mr. Ward, of Newington, taking an airing, alighted at a public house at Stamford-hill, and ordered his horse to be put into the stable, which a sharper observing, went in and brought the horse out, which he rode off with, and has not since been heard of.—Sunday last as a man, who belongs to Quendon, in Essex, was walking in an intricate path near that place, he was stopped by two footpads, who demanded his money, which he readily gave them, being five pounds three shillings and six-pence. They then endeavoured to lame him, and cut his leg in such a terrible manner, that the bone appeared. This not being sufficient to satisfy these inhuman wretches, they attempted to cut his throat, which he happily prevented by fastening his hand on his windpipe, which hand is cut to such a degree that he scarce ever will have the use of it again. The villains then made off, and have not since been heard of; and the poor man lies in a most deplorable condition.

Tuesday, 20. Saturday morning Mrs. Jennings, wife of Mr. Jennings, sword-hilt-maker in Oxford Road, dressing her child, unwarily put three blanket pins into her mouth; in the interim her sister brought her a basin of tea, which Mrs. Jennings drinking, swallowed the pins, and they

Q q 2

Sickling

sticking in her throat, killed her in less than ten minutes. — Saturday last some villains broke into the back part of his grace the duke of Norfolk's house, in St. James's square, and got into her grace's closet, from whence they stole several things of value, and got away undiscovered. — Yesterday a child about four years old, son of Mr. Hanfon, brasier, in East-Smithfield, fell from a two pair of stairs window, and was killed on the spot. The mother, on hearing of the accident, was seized with strong convulsion fits, and continues so ill, that her life is not expected. — A few days since two young blades took a hackney coach, and ordered the coachman to drive to the Tower, and when they came near the gates, ordered him to drive in as furiously as he could, and not to mind the centinels that were placed there; but the centinels stopped the coachman's progress; on which one of the blades fired a pistol out of the coach window at one of them, and afterwards drew his sword; but being overpowered, they were both secured, and immediately tried before a court-martial, and each fined ten pounds, which was ordered to be paid to the two centinels. — On Sunday night as the servant of colonel Brown was going to his master's house at Fulham, on Parson's Green, he heard the cry of murder; on coming up he found two men engaged with two soldiers, armed with swords, who had attempted to rob them, but by the assistance of the colonel's servant, they were secured, and next day committed to New Prison. — Monday afternoon a gardener putting a little boy into his cart at Newington in Surry, the horses took fright, the child was thrown down, and the wheel going over his head killed him on the spot.

Thursday, 22. We hear from Oxford, that on Tuesday the thirteenth instant, at a puppet-show in Ship-

lane, upwards of one hundred spectators, most of them gowmsmen, played their tricks by putting out the candles, throwing the puppets about the floor, and setting their dogs at them; but the curs stood at bay, and would not seize upon them; they threw down Punch and the Devil, but the dogs could not be made to worry either of them; however, in the bustle and confusion all scrambled away in a hurry. — Saturday morning last the King's-arms tavern in Cowes, was entirely burnt down, and in so short a time, that Mr. Deacon, the master, and his family, had but just time to save themselves, with but very little of his effects. The fire has damaged several other adjoining houses. — On Sunday the eleventh instant, as the organist of St. Peter's, Cornhill, began to play, he found a great defect in the organ, and upon further examination it was found that the rats had eat one of the stops in-tire, and these voracious vermin had also damaged several of the pipes; the injury sustained is computed at forty pounds. — The inhabitants have employed the king's rat catcher to destroy those vermin.

Friday, 23. Tuesday night about half an hour past eight, as a woman who keeps a chandlers and toy-shop, in St. Catharine's-lane, East Smithfield, was sitting by the fire, a man entered, whom she at first took for some customer; when he immediately knocked her down, and repeated the blow several times; which, however, did not prevent her screaming out, murder: on which the inhuman villain pulled out a case knife and cut her throat: he then, on finding the neighbours alarmed, got off for that time, but going into a public house in the same lane, when his bloody clothes creating a suspicion, he was apprehended and examined how he came by the blood, which he said was from a broken tooth, but as

no such wound appeared on inspection, he was committed to Newgate.—Wednesday morning a boy, about nine years old, son of Mr. Gordon of Chancery-lane, playing with a monkey, the creature flew on the child, and tore him in a most miserable manner; one of his legs is so bad with the bites of the mischievous animal, that it is feared amputation must be the consequence.

Saturday, 24. On Wednesday night a man that had committed a robbery near Harrow on the Hill, was brought before justice Fielding, who deferred his examination till next morning, but ordered him to New Prison. The same night he attempted to hang himself in the prison, but being timely discovered was prevented. Yesterday he was recommitted by the said magistrate for further examination.—On Wednesday evening was lost out of the Peckham and Camberwell cart, a hair trunk, containing sundry things directed for the reverend Mr. Aylmer (for which a reward of ten guineas was offered). It was found on Thursday morning by some carpenters in Fleet ditch, but the contents were all taken out.

Monday, 26. Thursday morning a disqualified person shooting on Hackney marsh, and firing at a bird, shot out the eye of a horse that was grazing there; the owner being informed of it, had the offender before a justice, who made him pay half a guinea to the poor of the parish, and make satisfaction besides to the owner for the loss of the horse's eye.—Friday morning between seven and eight o'clock, two gentlemen fought a duel on Chelsea common, but were parted, after the discharge of their pistols, by a farmer and his man accidentally coming by; both the gentlemen appeared to be officers in the army; and their servants were attending at a distance with their horses.—Friday in the forenoon a man was so terribly gored by

an ox, which was overdrove, in St. John-street, that his life was despaired of.—Mr. Williams, bookfeller, was on Saturday committed to the King's Bench prison, and will receive judgment next term.—Saturday night, between ten and eleven o'clock, a fire broke out in the workshop of Mr. Laiden, tobaccoist in Aldersgate-street, which soon communicated itself to a timber yard behind it, belonging to Mr. Hatton, consuming the greatest part of the timber therein: from thence it took its course to Cook's hall, and several little tenements, which it entirely consumed; and burnt with great fury till four o'clock yesterday morning.—Happily we are told no lives were lost, nor do we hear of any personal accident, except one poor man, who had a large piece of timber fall on him, and was immediately carried to St. Bartholomew's hospital, and of whom there are great hopes of recovery.—Yesterday there was a great court at St. James's, when his royal highness the duke of Gloucester made his first appearance at court under that title; his royal highness went in a grand new coach, attended by the gentlemen of his household. And it being his royal highness's birth day, their majesties and the princess dowager of Wales received the compliments of the nobility and gentry on the occasion.—A few days ago a woman was intrusted, by a shoemaker in Lombard-street, with fifteen pair of mens shoes to bind and last. Friday she carried home twelve pair only, and being asked for the rest, she denied having any more; whereupon she was carried before the lord-mayor, when she confessed that she had sold the other three pair to a pawnbroker, for two shillings and three-pence a pair. She was committed to Bridewell for fourteen days to hard labour, and to receive the correction of the house. The shoemaker, with a friend, went

to

the pawnbroker's, and asked if he had any neat shoes to sell; he shewed them two pair, which they bought, and proved to be part of those the woman had sold. Whereupon the pawnbroker was summoned to appear before the lord-mayor on Saturday, when it appearing to the satisfaction of his lordship, that he was guilty of taking in the goods contrary to the act of parliament, he was fined twenty pounds, which money was paid to the church-wardens of the Lower Parish, Coleman street, for the benefit of the poor of that parish. On the examination it appeared, he had a great many more shoes in his house, but before a search-warrant could be executed they were taken away.—On Saturday morning Thomas Jones, a person advertised in the papers as suspected to have committed a murder on one Mrs. Margaret Boufie, in Maudlin's rents, Wapping, was apprehended in Southwark, and committed by justice Clerk to the county gaol of Surry: he said he was the man mentioned in the advertisement, but did not commit the murder, or know any thing of it. Upon searching him, a small sum of money was found in every pocket, and a clean shirt marked J. R. a shift (no mark) and a table cloth, with a small hole in the middle, all which he said were his own: but Mrs. Siddon, the landlord's wife at the Bull alehouse, hearing of his being committed, and the circumstance, went up and searched the room which he lay in, and found her drawers broke open, and robbed of five shifts, a bed-gown, a parcel of child bed linen, and divers other things. Upon which they stopped the wife of Jones, who declared she was innocent, and desired to be admitted to see her husband, which was granted; and Jones then said his wife knew nothing of the matter, he did it himself. The shirt, shift, tablecloth, and handkerchief, found in his

pockets, and the shirt on his back, Mr. and Mrs. Siddon swore to be their property; and he confessed where he had pawned several of the other things, which were recovered; whereupon the justice committed him for Surry assizes.

Tuesday, 27. Letters from Konigsberg, the capital of Prussia, dated the twelfth instant, bring advice that on the preceding evening, about seven o'clock, a terrible fire broke out there in a sailmaker's workshop, near the Herring Wharf, where it immediately destroyed about three thousand barrels of that fish; and running along the key, consumed the hemp, flax, and other warehouses filled with all sorts of merchandize. Afterwards the conflagration spread over the Kniphorff, the Old Town, and Levenhaupt, where it burnt with unextinguishable rapidity, reducing to ashes all the houses, hospitals, churches, and public buildings. A great number of the inhabitants lost their lives, and the rest were reduced to the utmost misery and want.—They advise from Arnheim, that the river Rhine had risen (the eighteenth instant) eighteen feet four inches above its common course. The Danube is also considerably risen.—The workmen are now employed in order to lay the foundation of the new theatre in King street, Bristol. A model of the theatre royal in Drury-lane, has been sent for.

COUNTRY NEWS.

Chelmsford, November 9. Last Saturday Morning, about two o'clock, the Long Milford waggon, and a farmer's cart, loaded with corn, were stopped by three footpads, between Brook-street and Hare-street, who robbed the drivers of all their money.—Sunday last was interred at Saffron-Walden, Mrs. Stricklin, wife of William Stricklin, shoe-maker, late of that place. A report prevailing, that the

the husband had used the deceased ill, in her life-time, a mob assembled, and pelted the man as he followed the corpse to the grave, into which they wanted to throw him headlong. —The following trick having been practised, we here insert it as a caution to others: on Tuesday, the twenty-third of October, two men on horseback, dressed in blue great-coats, came to the shop of Mr. Lewin, of Footh-end, in the parish of Great Waltham, blacksmith, and asked if he had not a place where he could safely put a little parcel for them; on his answering in the affirmative, they begged some small beer, and dismounting immediately, followed him into the house, where finding some neighbours with his sick wife, desired to speak to him in private; accordingly being ushered into the parlour, they asked him if he knew any body that could lend them eight guineas and an half, or whether he would be so kind, and they would deposit in his hands, by way of security, a rich stomacher, apron, and fore parts of a waistcoat, worth sixty guineas, which were bespoke for a lord and a lady, to appear in before his majesty; they also amused him with having a horse of value, which was lame, and he should have him, in a few days, to look after, and be paid what he demanded for his cure and keeping; they then pulled out a large green purse, which appeared to be full of guineas, adding, they only wanted eight guineas and an half to make up a sum of five hundred pounds, to pay for a purchase they had made. Accordingly one of the men went and fetched the stomacher, apron, and fore parts of a waistcoat, which appeared to have a great quantity of gold on them, telling him, if he did not think that sufficient, he should have a diamond-ring, or one of their great coats. The poor man, dazzled with the sight of such fine things,

gave them eight guineas and an half, and carefully locked up the gold cloaths. Not content with what they had already obtained, they desired to have half a guinea more for travelling expences, which was readily granted; and then one of them kneeling down, begged the things might be kept very safe, till they came for them, as they were worth, at least, sixty pounds; they then took their leave, but have not yet thought proper to redeem their goods. Mr. Lewin has since shewed the things to several people, and they appear to be only tinsel, and scarce worth nine shillings. The two men came the same night to the Black Boy inn, in this town, where they ordered supper, and lay, and endeavoured to practise the same trick upon the waiter, but in vain.

Dover, November 11. Yesterday Humphry Coates, esq. landed at this place from France, and brought with him the corpse of the late celebrated Mr. Churchill, lately so famous for his poetical and satyrical works. Mr. Coates, after seeing the body landed, and giving proper directions about it, set out post for London." He died of a malignant scarlet fever at Boulogne, on Sunday se'nnight.

Bristol, Nov. 17. Last Saturday night O'Bryan and Wall, two fellows apprehended at Bath the beginning of last week, on suspicion of breaking open the house of Mrs. Colbatch, and brought from thence to this city, were reexamined at the council house. Wall, tho' that is not his real name, confessed, that they had been acquainted with each other about nine weeks; and that their first exploit was robbing a man on the highway, near London, of about 8*l*. They afterwards entered into a club in London, and staying one night after the rest of the company, took an opportunity to break open a bureau, and carried off two bank notes, and cash, to the amount

of

of near one hundred pounds. Being immediately advertised, they took coach, and got safe to Birmingham, and from thence to this city: and after robbing Mrs. Colbatch's they went to Bath; where, the Sunday night before they were taken, they got into a house near the theatre in Orchard-street, and broke open an escrutore, and took therefrom a red pocket-book, which contained a 30l. bank bill, and several other things.— After O'Bryan was apprehended, Wall bought a new trunk, packed up his things, and directed it for this city, intending to support his companion; but going to let O'Bryan's lady know his intentions, he was likewise very luckily apprehended. They still remain in Bridewell, but it is expected they will be removed to London next week.

B I R T H S.

The lady of William Henry Rickets, esq. of a son. Lady Clive, of a daughter. The lady of the hon. Lucius Ferdinand Carey, esq. only son of the lord viscount Falkland, of a daughter.

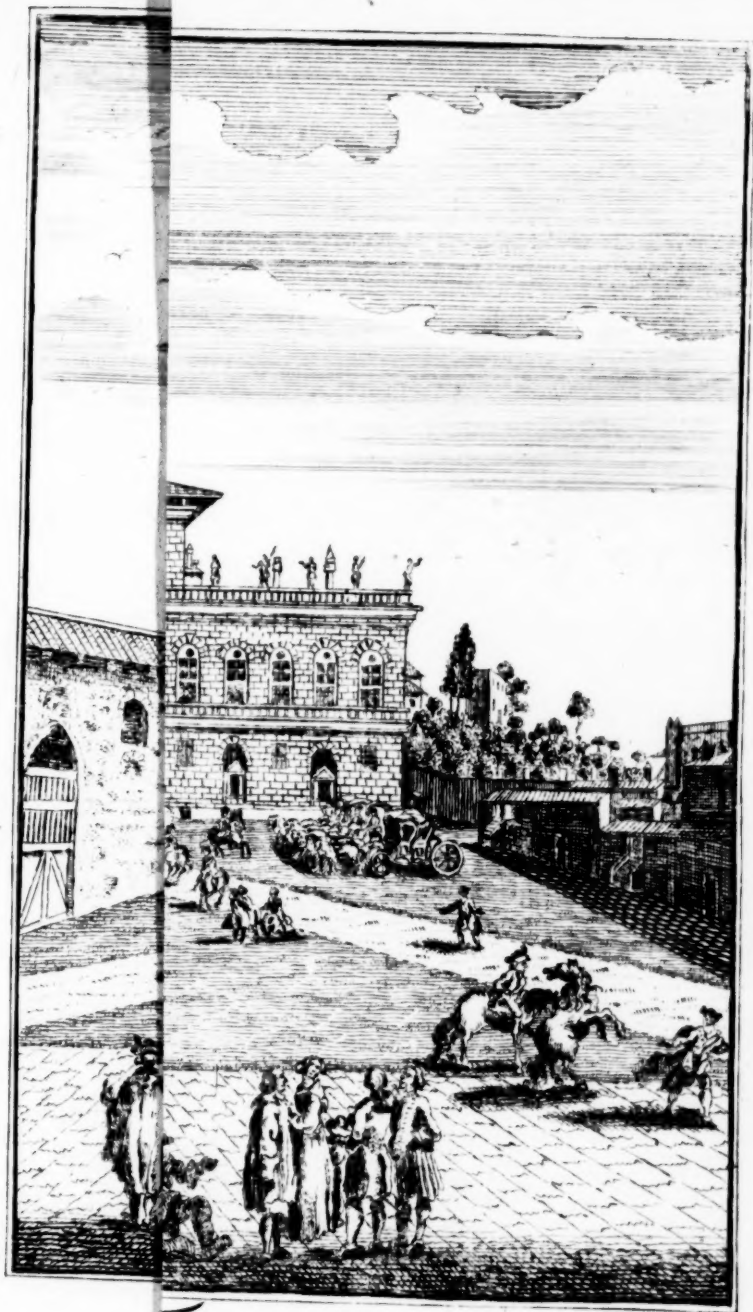
M A R R I A G E S.

— Norton, esq. of Bloomsbury, to Mrs. Hayward, of Luton in Bedfordshire. Mr. George Craven, sugar refiner in Goodman's fields, to Miss Plant, eldest daughter of — Plant, esq. of Hackney. George Elston, esq. of Tiverton in Devonshire, to Miss Hardwick, of St. James's street.

D E A T H S.

John Ebenezer, esq. of Stoke Newington. Miss Ann Hamilton, daughter of the hon. Mrs. Hamilton, and niece to the right hon. lord Abercorn. At Reigate, in Surry, William Stangate, esq. Mrs. Hutton, mistress of the Bull and Gate inn in Holborn. Dr. Hadley, physician to the Charterhouse, and one of the physicians to St. Thomas's hospital. The right hon.

earl Poulet, viscount Hinton, lord lieutenant and custos rotulorum of the county of Somerset. Francis Buller, esq. member for East Looe in Cornwall. Mr. Vanhagen, Dutch merchant, of Broad-street. Mr. Nash, warehouseman, in Coleman-street. The lady of Edward Thurloe, esq. Peter Craven, esq. an eminent corn-factor. The right hon. Fulwar Craven lord Craven, baron of Hempstead-Marshal. Sir Thomas Clarke, knight, master of the rolls, and one of his majesty's most honourable privy council. Mr. John Carter, one of the wealthiest butchers in the kingdom, being one of the contractors for the Navy, East India Company, &c. The celebrated Mr. Churchill, so famous for his poetical and satyrical works. Mrs. Elizabeth Lankester, of the town of Cambridge, well known amongst the lower class of people by the name of The Ruination of Wall's lane, and the Destruction of Barnwell. At Beauchamp St. Paul's, in Essex, Mr. Edward Jay, dealer in calves, remarkable for being only three feet and an half high, had no joints at his knees, and was entirely strait to the hip bone; he had but one arm and hand, with which he could make a pen, and buckle and unbuckle his shoes without stooping. Mr. Marsdell, who kept the Equitable Insurance Office in Nicholas lane, Lombard street: he was abroad the day before he died, seemingly in good health. Near Long alley, Moorfields, Mary Frances, aged 102 years; for many years past she had lived upon charity, and pretended extreme poverty, but, when dead, upwards of 150l. were found in her lodging. In Philpot-lane, Mr. Masters, Change broker. John Amerstam, esq. of Hackney. Mr. O'Brian, cabinet-maker, in the Strand, in Southampton street, Bloomsbury, Richard Crane esq. of Chipping-Norton, Oxfordshire.



rence.

of near one hundred pounds. Being immediately advertised, they took coach, and got safe to Birmingham, and from thence to this city: and after robbing Mrs. Colbatch's they went to Bath; where, the Sunday night before they were taken, they got into a house near the theatre in Orchard-street, and broke open a escrutore, and took therefrom a red pocket-book, which contained a 30 l. bank bill, and several other things.— After O'Bryan was apprehended, Wall bought a new trunk, packed up his things, and directed it for this city, intending to support his companion; but going to let O'Bryan's lady know his intentions, he was likewise very luckily apprehended. They still remain in Bridewell, but it is expected they will be removed to London next week.

B I R T H S.

The lady of William Henry Rickets, esq. of a son. Lady Clive, of a daughter. The lady of the hon. Lucius Ferdinand Carey, esq. only son of the lord viscount Falkland, of a daughter.

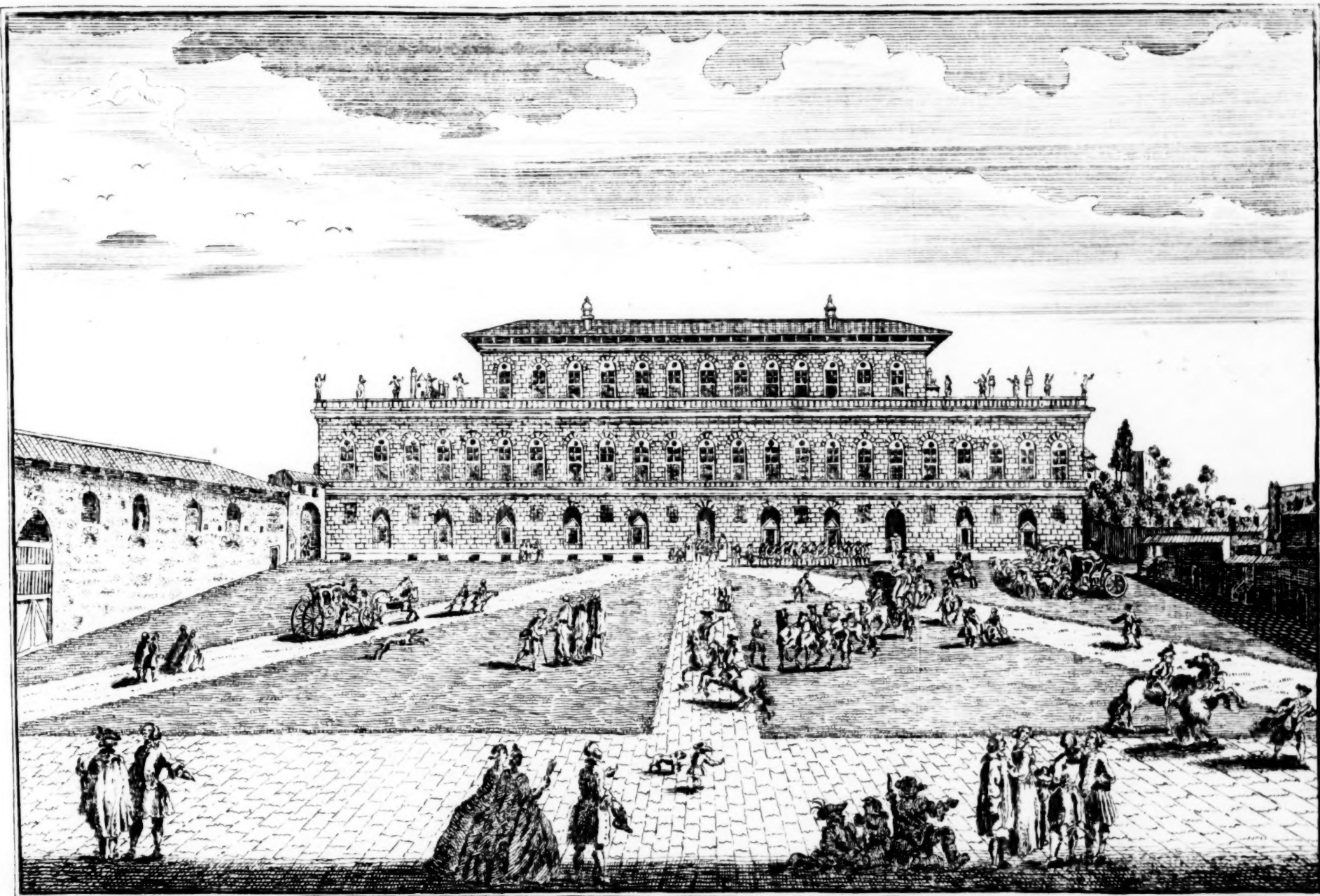
M A R R I A G E S.

— Norton, esq. of Bloomsbury, to Mrs. Hayward, of Luton in Bedfordshire. Mr. George Craven, sugar refiner in Goodman's fields, to Miss Plant, eldest daughter of — Plant, esq. of Hackney. George Ellison, esq. of Tiverton in Devonshire, to Miss Hardwick, of St. James's street.

D E A T H S.

John Ebenezer, esq. of Stoke Newington. Miss Ann Hamilton, daughter of the hon. Mrs. Hamilton, and niece to the right hon. lord Abercorn. At Reigate, in Surry, William Stangate, esq. Mrs. Hutton, mistress of the Bull and Gate inn in Holborn. Dr. Hadley, physician to the Charter-house, and one of the physicians to St. Thomas's hospital. The right hon.

earl Poulet, viscount Hinton, lord lieutenant and custos rotulorum of the county of Somerset. Francis Buller, esq. member for East Looe in Cornwall. Mr. Vanhagen, Dutch merchant, of Broad-street. Mr. Nash, warehouseman, in Coleman-street. The lady of Edward Thurloe, esq. Peter Craven, esq. an eminent corn-factor. The right hon. Fulwar Craven lord Craven, baron of Hempstead-Marshal. Sir Thomas Clarke, knt. master of the rolls, and one of his majesty's most honourable privy council. Mr. John Carter, one of the wealthiest butchers in the kingdom, being one of the contractors for the Navy, East India Company, &c. The celebrated Mr. Churchill, so famous for his poetical and satyrical works. Mrs. Elizabeth Lankester, of the town of Cambridge, well known amongst the lower class of people by the name of The Ruination of Wall's lane, and the Destruction of Barnwell. At Beauchamp St. Paul's, in Essex, Mr. Edward Jay, dealer in calves, remarkable for being only three feet and an half high, had no joints at his knees, and was entirely strait to the hip-bone; he had but one arm and hand, with which he could make a pen, and buckle and unbuckle his shoes without stooping. Mr. Marsdell, who kept the Equitable Insurance Office in Nicholas lane, Lombard street: he was abroad the day before he died, seemingly in good health. Near Long alley, Moorfields, Mary Frances, aged 102 years; for many years past she had lived upon charity, and pretended extreme poverty, but, when dead, upwards of 150 l. were found in her lodging. In Philpot-lane, Mr. Masters, Change broker. John Amerstam, esq. of Hackney. Mr. O'Brian, cabinet-maker, in the Strand, in Southampton street, Bloomsbury. Richard Crane, esq. of Chipping-Norton, Oxfordshire.



View of the ROYAL PALACE at Florence.